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The World Today in Books

NORMAN COUSINS

THE reviews of Vincent Sheean's *Not Peace But a Sword*, published a few weeks ago, have been almost uniformly favorable. They have rightly stressed Sheean's sensitivity, his ability to look past the heat and into the heart of today's issues; they have rightly appraised the book as an important contribution to the understanding of recent history, particularly of the Spanish Civil War; they have rightly hailed it as superior even to his *Personal History*.

All true. But something of significance seems to have been lost or at least overlooked in the generous flourish of cheers. It is that because of this book America can now boast a major satirist. For *Not Peace But a Sword* makes it clear that its author is the matured possessor of Lucianic tools shared by few native contemporaries. Beginning with the title—itself a deft literary manipulation—his book represents a skilled fusion of full-bodied perception with merciless taunting and ridiculing. With it is an undercurrent of humor—perhaps grim at times—which Sheean never permits to get out of hand. Humor is the key to satire; its absence marks the carper, its over-indulgence the clown. Sheean has the key; indeed, he is in command of it.

This is not to say that Vincent Sheean has come down in a straight

line from Solomon, Molière, Swift and Shaw. But considering the paucity of present-day American writers who are capable of perpetuating the tradition of Irving and Lowell, there is much to be thankful about in the presence of a Sheean, whose greatest work is before him.

We should be thankful if for no other reason than that Sheean at last has squared our accounts with the English. For years Americans have been the object of English scorn. The satirists from across the seas have raked us as boobs and barbarians, gum-chewers and chair-tilters, upstarty know-littles who had no place in the world of culture and refinement. Their lecturers would come here with rich advance bookings, spray their acid, and return home with their noses tilted at the correct angle of forty-five degrees.

But the score is now even. For Vincent Sheean, who has devoted a long and stinging chapter to the British, has ripped through English pretensions and has exposed them as often self-centered, smug, limited in outlook. History whirled round their heads but their eyes were closed. They could see nothing, says Sheean, except what was dictated by self-interest. He seemed to sense an "element of vital decay." The nation seemed "weary of action as a nation." Her leaders were deeply rooted

Books Reviewed in This Issue

BOOK	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER	PRICE
<i>Not Peace But a Sword</i>	Vincent Sheean	Doubleday Doran	\$2.75
<i>Anglo-Saxony and Its Tradition</i>	George Catlin	Macmillan	3.00
<i>Americas to the South</i>	John T. Whitaker	Macmillan	2.50
<i>South American Primer</i>	Katherine Carr	Reynal & Hitchcock	1.75
<i>The Fine Art of Propaganda</i>	Institute for Propaganda Analysis	Harcourt, Brace	1.50

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in the policy of do-nothingness. They hesitated until it was too late to do anything but the wrong thing.

"The behavior of England in 1938 (as the culmination of a process which has been going on at least since 1933 if not before) seems to me to indicate a mixture of bewildered weakness and courageous perfidy in the dominant characters of the state."

Though Sheean's book ends with the Hitler grab of Czechoslovakia last March and does not treat the appeasement reversal with the exception of the Chamberlain statement shortly following the Czech absorption, the entire tone of the book is one of despair and disgust with British policy.

"This strange, tardy awakening," says Vincent Sheean of Neville Chamberlain's profession of shock at the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia after the promises of Munich, "was of no worth in the scales of history, and will do little to blind even his contemporaries to the true value of a man who has consistently put the interests of his own class and type above those of either his own nation or of humanity itself."

Sheean says the British will only fight when their immediate possessions are attacked. He seems to believe, too, that such an attack will be made, that it will be a war "fought for no principle except that of empire." And yet—repugnant as

such a war is to him and to all Americans—Sheean believes that we will again be in it. "The rhythm of our pulses brings us to their side of the Fascist alliance." He seems to feel we have no other choice. "Neutrality in a conflict so profound and wide, a conflict involving a whole world, can scarcely exist in any country."

From March 1938 to March 1939—as eventful and troubled a year as the world has seen since 1918—Vincent Sheean traveled from danger-spot to danger-spot in Europe, armed with wide-open eyes, a sensitive mind, a warmth for humanity, and a profound contempt for fascism. Many months of that year were spent in Spain, reporting the Loyalist cause. Other weeks or months were spent in Paris, London, Prague, Berlin, Vienna, where Sheean took soundings and attempted to chart social directions. The author of *Personal History* has compressed his observations, his impressions, and his feelings of those months in *Not Peace But a Sword*, without question the most important book he has yet written. It is important if only because it can be guaranteed to shatter the complacency of even the most unconcerned "outsider" toward the spread of fascist dynamite.

To Vincent Sheean, there can be no "outsiders." Everyone, regardless of the accident of distance, he says, is within the reach of forces at loose in the world today. Even the Atlantic Ocean is not broad enough nor deep enough to insure us against foreign groundswells. Geographically, Germany and Italy may be beyond the immediate horizon, but their threat is as real as if they were within sight. For the pollen of fascism can be carried by the wind, requiring only unguarded earth to take hold and grow.

WHEN George Catlin's *Science and Method of Politics* was published fifteen years ago John Dewey called it a "refreshing breeze blowing through a close atmosphere." Professor Catlin has written five books since, has become a widely-recognized international lecturer, and has performed important foundation and political services both here and in his native England. The aptness of Dr. Dewey's description still holds; in everything George Catlin writes or says there is the quality of engaging freshness.

Especially is this true of Professor Catlin's latest book, *Anglo-Saxony*

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and Its Tradition. Though his central idea—the need for a federation of nations—has been eloquently discussed before, recently by Clarence Streit in *Union Now*, there is a newness of approach in George Catlin's presentation and appraisal which lends arguments favoring the plan added effectiveness. In part, too, Dr. Catlin's book stems from the "we or they" idea which has been the theme of dozens of books since the challenge of fascism-nazism several years ago. (Probably the best known of these is *We or They: Two Worlds in Conflict* by Hamilton Fish Armstrong.) Here a similar freshness of treatment takes the fuzziness out of endless debates on democracy vs. dictatorship.

Professor Catlin finds much in his examination of the Anglo-Saxon tradition to give substance to the feeling that only by a thorough pooling of democratic interests and resources can Europe—and therefore the world—hope to work toward peaceful solution of its problems. "Such hopes," he reflects, "are perhaps Anglo-Saxon sentiment, but they remain, not unlinked with power, the best guarantees in peace or war of a clear conscience and of a duty performed by what is more than nations—civilization."

This belief in the priority of civilization over nation is the motivating force behind Professor Catlin's conviction that a "Sovereign League" can restore international sanity, just as the Federal organization in this country following the Revolution helped insure against continental chaos. But it is not enough, he says, to be concerned with the mere physical organization of such a league. It must be a force for good, for the advancement of humanism. Such good, he holds, can be found in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, "which has impregnated political institutions on both sides of the Atlantic."

There would be no need for federation if the world had not strayed from Anglo-Saxon ideals in the last decade, but then "this present decade, in the record of civilization, may well be ashamed of comparison with the darker Middle Ages . . . When we speak of the Anglo-Saxon world we speak, not of a State or indeed of an Empire, but of a civilization, a culture which carries latent in it a philosophy and an outlook in living."

There would be, then, no international snobbishness in Dr. Catlin's Sovereign League. Germans, whom

bylines

When I hear a bit of complaint about some married woman working I do not see an indictment of the sex. What I see is some man or woman without a job striking blindly at what seems an unfair distribution of work and income—*Margaret Culkin Banning* (See Cover and Page 16).

There are probably more highly educated people in the United States than in any other single country—*H. G. Wells*.

As to Chinese cleanliness, my initial surprise that they should be so dirty has, after a quarter of a century, changed to surprise that, considering their difficulties, they should be so clean—*Carl Crow* (See Page 21).

A legislator is like a man on roller skates; he goes partly where he wishes to go and partly where the skates take him—*Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona*.

Compared with 1914 we decidedly have the upper hand this time—*Col. General Walther von Brauchitsch, Chief of Staff of the German Army*.

The Chinese invented gunpowder, yet they have probably been shot in the pants more than any other people in the world—*Editorial in The Washington Post*.

We raised a whole generation of Filipinos whose jobs depended on the economic policies of the United States—*Lieutenant Robert J. Wood* (See Page 31).

Whatever you do in life, don't lead what is called a regular life—*Sir E. Farquhar Buzzard, eminent London physician*.

Good municipal government is perfectly possible whenever citizens buckle down and really go after it—*William Hard, Jr.* (See Page 19).

Jitterbug dancing may be enjoyed by youngsters, but it is neither graceful nor beautiful; certainly not dignified for anyone past their teens—*Irene Castle*.

There is nothing more alarming than the universal silence about how the future peace of Europe is to be governed—*Pierre-Etienne Flandin, former Premier of France*.

CURRENT HISTORY

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER, 1939

COVER: MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

See Page 16

ARTICLES

Will Women Lose Their Jobs? *Norman Cousins* 14

From Garbage to Good Government *William Hard, Jr.* 19

The Chinese Are Like That *Carl Crow* 21

Moses: Idealist in Action *James Miller* 26

Hungarian Goose-Step *Joseph Hilton Smyth* 29

Problem Child of the Pacific *Robert J. Wood* 31

HISTORY IN THE MAKING 7

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION? 45

THEY SAY 36

DEPARTMENTS

Books	1
Business	50
Science	51
Entertainment	52
Travel	56

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he differentiates from present German rulers, are not barred; neither are their rulers if they toe the line. "The categorical imperative is peace. It is that for Germany as for Anglo-Saxony." He who breaks the peace will lose by "armed might."

Basically, Professor Catlin's idea bears strong resemblance to Woodrow Wilson's plan for a Geneva. It would, of course, be more virile, have greater authority. The emphasis, moreover, would be on a British-American Federation. It would be a teaming together of the strongest democracies of the world acting as one—politically, socially and culturally—and throwing their weight on the side of peace, the weight being so great as to be irresistible. The question for Americans, of course, is whether independence goes out the window when Federation comes in the door.

The old hope for a force to rule forces persists. Has not the failure of the League of Nations provided abundant proof that any Federation—Dr. Catlin refers to his as the "Anglo-Saxony"—could not hope to survive? No, says Dr. Catlin, we are living in a period where "nothing is impossible."

JOHN WHITAKER is a pleasant, cultured young man who left the city room of *The New York Herald-Tribune* about six years ago to join its staff of foreign correspondents. His work in the capitals of Europe and in Ethiopia during the Italian invasion brought him an offer from *The Chicago Daily News*—generally recognized as carrying some of the best and most comprehensive coverage of foreign news in this country—to become one of its European bureau heads. Whitaker accepted; he has been with *The News* since.

Early last spring he was recalled from Europe to cover the important Pan-American Conference at Lima. In connection with this event, he undertook a tour around South America, interviewing important statesmen, prying into local situations, building up background material. Out of these observations has come not only a comprehensive series of articles for his newspaper on the Good Neighbors, but a book as well: *Americas to the South*.

John Whitaker regards South America as a phenomenon. By any test of mutuality of interest, by continental proximity, of political rela-

tionships, the United States and its people should manifest a lively interest in the southern neighbors. Instead—and this is in no small measure the fault of schools which provide little or nothing in the way of instruction on South America—we are Europe-conscious. Perhaps not one person out of five can name the Latin American countries which are our Good Neighbors; not one of ten their geographical positions.

Yet South America's importance cannot be overlooked. It is a great producer and perhaps an even greater customer. And our neglect may be other nations' gain. The Monroe Doctrine is a powerful stop signal against European powers with imperialistic intent toward the Western hemisphere. But it is important in the face of trade gains by outside nations and even internal disorders which receive their incentive and *modus operandi* from without. Germany and Italy, flushed with their war-less triumphs in Central Europe, look upon South America as a potential site for their fascist chain-stores.

These were the bare facts which served as the basis for an investigation at first-hand by John Whitaker. There were hundreds of questions to be asked and answered—questions which Whitaker felt the average United States citizen would ask if his interest were aroused. These questions were asked not only of presidents and dictators, such as Pedro Cerdá and Benavides and Vargas, but of persons in key positions among oppositionists—persons such as Victor de la Torre, Apra leader of Peru, who had the "spark" Whitaker sensed when he talked to a Roosevelt or a Mussolini.

In the seven years since Hitler's rise to power, says Whitaker, Germany has doubled her sales to the leading nations of South America. This has been accompanied by political pressure and propaganda which are perhaps even more damaging to our position in South America. Whitaker fears that in a period of

depression Germany and her allies can "develop a trading monopoly and drive us from the south . . . Unless Washington takes the aggressive, the Latins are certain, if prosperity collapses, to be fashioned, like the Balkans and the Spaniards, into the framework of a vast totalitarian bloc, reduced to semi-colonial position, while Germany plays commodity merchant to half the world and slowly shapes its economic vassals into political satellites and allies."

An excellent supplement to *Americas to the South* is Katherine Carr's *South American Primer*, which was received too late to be reviewed in these columns last month. Miss Carr has not written a big book, physically, but she has compressed more significant and pertinent information about South America, country by country, than might seem possible between the covers of a single work. It is a "primer" only in the sense that anyone who lacks familiarity with the subject can go to it without previous reference to other books. But it is also a valuable aid and reference tool for the expert. It contains a map of each country, an explanation of individual political and governmental organization, a discussion of problems and issues in each nation, and points out the relationships and inter-relationships between the South American nations and the outside world.

PROPAGANDA used to be a respectable word; it used to be associated with "public enlightenment" and even education. But in the last ten years it has become contaminated through constant sorting with bad company. Today's fashions in propaganda stress demagoguery's eternal triangle: fear, hate, and misinformation. The combination thus far has been virtually unbeatable; nations have fallen before it, millions have become its victims.

There is no mystery to propaganda's wide influence and effectiveness. People who come under its sway do so because they invariably are overwhelmed with the feeling that they have burst upon great truths. Seldom are they aware that it is propaganda *per se* which has claimed them as its subjects. For propaganda is often difficult to detect; it never travels under its own name and rarely discards its protective coloration.

That is why the Institute for Propaganda Analysis is important and



necessary. It was formed two years ago by a Columbia University group with foundational support and has since been the active headquarters in this country for the fight against propaganda. Its organizer is Clyde R. Miller, Teachers College educator with a newspaper background; its editorial keymen Violet Edwards and Harold Lavine, a hard-working, capable team which has pried open entrenched fortresses of propaganda previously considered impregnable. In addition there is a working staff constantly on the jump all over the country.

Results of the Institute's work are published regularly in its *Bulletin*, a well-integrated, readable report spotlighting propaganda wherever it appears, breaking it down into its component parts, analyzing its operation. The success of the *Bulletin* has encouraged the Institute to broaden its scope; it has prepared for commercial publication *The Fine Art of Propaganda*, in which the full benefit of its wide experience and cumulative knowledge is available to the reader. The Institute has designed this book for the serious-thinking American who is anxious to learn about propaganda, how it can be detected, how it can be overcome. Accordingly, it identifies what it calls the "seven ABC's" of propaganda. Nor is the Institute content merely to describe these devices; it takes actual examples of propaganda and by use of drawn symbols within the text exposes the various propagandist techniques.

Subjected to laboratory analysis in this book are the speeches and writings of Father Coughlin, who, says Professor Miller in a Foreword, is admittedly pro-fascist and whose utterances represent a fairly typical borrowing of foreign anti-democratic propaganda methods by an American propagandist. Father Coughlin's talks, when examined word by word and phrase by phrase, are found by the Institute to be replete with the favorite tricks of the propagandist; they are made up for the most part of glittering generalities, name-calling, flattery, bandwagon bait—all listed among the "seven ABC's" of the propagandist's tool-kit.

This book, if it reaches enough people, might be an effective preventive or antidote against the increasing influence today of the demagogue in America. Its appeal is general but educators, editors and legislators will find it of especial value.



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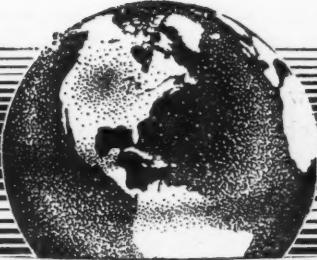
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Duffy—The Baltimore Sun

Youth Movement



HISTORY IN THE MAKING

What Style Hat for '40?

IN the closing days of August, four hats reposed within a mystic ring. They signified that their owners, Republicans all, had Presidential ambitions. Sweatbands bore these initials: "T.E.D.", "A.H.V.", "R.A.T." and "S.B." They stood for Thomas E. Dewey, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Robert A. Taft and Styles Bridges.

Because politics is funny—as an expert from Uvalde, Texas, by the name of John Garner once said—these hats, a year hence, may or may not be only crumpled castoffs, but momentarily they represent the most prominent contenders for 1940's Republican nomination. Each of the hopefuls has become the center of preliminary campaign work. Each has begun to conduct himself in the circumspect fashion of a man whom the lightning may strike if properly attracted.

"T.E.D."

Thomas E. Dewey is a name that in public opinion polls—notably the widely known and respected Gallup poll—leads all the rest. The black-moustached, thirty-seven-year-old New York County District Attorney has caught popular imagination with his war on racketeers and crime. His supporters have emphasized his honesty and fearlessness. They have pointed to his vote-getting qualities as shown by his successful 1937 campaign for "D.A." and his unsuccessful but impressive quest last year for New York's Governorship.

If elected to the Presidency next year Mr. Dewey would be the youngest Chief Executive in American history, but he and his men have not been worried about that. Nor have they shown outwardly any fear of



New York Times
Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg

charges that the hard-hitting prosecutor's experience has been wholly in local, not national, affairs, and that it has not been administrative. If they have been disturbed by anything, it is by the fact that successful crime prosecution has ceased to be a Dewey monopoly, the federal government—and politics has been suspected—having entered the preserve. (See Louisiana, Kansas City and New York itself.)

Dewey men have remained confident. A Dewey brain trust—the term is not used or wanted—has been established to study the New Deal and its weak points, to coach the candidate on national problems. Out in Owosso, Michigan, the "D.A.'s" home town, a "Dewey-for-President" banner hangs across the front of an East Main Street building. Petitions are circulating through the State, for Owosso wants the home-town boy, who has already gone far, to go farther.

"A.H.V."

Arthur H. Vandenberg, Senator for Michigan, Dewey rival as a Michigan favorite son, follows the New York prosecutor in popularity polls, but is believed by some experts to have a better chance in next year's smoke-filled rooms. A man of fifty-five, Senator since 1928, former newspaper editor, Mr. Vandenberg is an expert in foreign affairs at a time when they show pronounced importance. He knows Europe at first hand. He knows Washington's diplomats. He has been on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for years.

In 1936, there was talk of Vandenberg for President, but the boom never got very far; some thought the Senator himself opposed it, feeling that the Republicans had little chance of victory. Since then it has grown louder, the more because in the Senate the Michigan Republican has grown in stature. At the past session he had an important influence on foreign policy—he recommended first the denunciation of the trade treaty with Japan—and he pushed revision of the Social Security Act. He is a middle-of-the-roader, an isolationist; his followers consider him pretty well in tune with the national temperament.

"R.A.T." and "S.B."

Robert A. Taft, another Senator, fifty, son of the former President, has grown rapidly in political prominence during the past year. Not because tradition says that a Taft follows a Roosevelt, but because of personal ability and political availability. By winning the Senatorship last year from a staunch New Dealer (Robert J. Buckley), the son of William Howard Taft proved himself a vote-getter. Since then he has won approval from a nation-wide radio

The Record of Congress

—From an editorial in The New York Times.

It would be difficult to sum up the record of the first session of the Seventy-sixth Congress in a few consistent words. That is chiefly because there was no consistency in the session itself. It was a series of paradoxes. It yielded to the Executive in instances in which its case was much better than his, and it opposed him at points where it was clearly unwise to do so. It was subservient, and yet it was the most rebellious session in almost two decades. It economized not with a scalpel but with an axe; it refused to authorize not merely millions but billions: and yet it was the most extravagant Congress in history, setting a peacetime record of more than \$11,000,000,000 in new appropriations, and voting altogether more than \$13,000,000,000, nearly \$1,800,000,000 higher than the total for the 1938 session, and several hundred millions above even the executive budget.

The explanation of these paradoxes is, in large part, that Congress began its session by going in one direction and ended by rushing in the other. In its first phase it extended to the President devaluation powers that had outlived their usefulness and that Congress in any case should keep for itself. It increased still further the thoroughly unjustified subsidy being paid to American silver producers, and continued to make it mandatory for the Treasury to buy and pile up useless foreign silver.

It retained forms of agricultural control, like the mandatory non-recourse loans, which, though costly to the taxpayer, have increased farm instability and proved disastrous to cotton exports, and it tried to offset the damaging results of this policy, not by its repeal, but by the thoroughly unsound policy of extending export subsidies. It appropriated \$1,194,000,000 more for agriculture, nearly twice the Federal Government's whole expenditure for all purposes in the years before our entrance into the World War, and more than \$300,000,000 more than the Administration itself had this year requested or allowed for.

In its second phase (and there is no sharp division in time between the two, because they overlap), the last session of Congress adopted a sound measure of tax reform, removing the stump of the undistributed profits tax, among

other changes which were not enthusiastically received by the President. It refused to amend or repeal the Neutrality Act, in spite of the Administration's pleas, and so it did nothing to reduce the possibility of a major war, but on the contrary gave assurance to aggressor nations that at least until Congress meets again nothing will or can be done to make American arms and munitions available to the nations that might be aligned against them in a war of self-defense.

The last session passed the Hatch act to take politics out of relief and the Federal service generally. It passed a more sweeping bill than the preceding Congress, under Administration leadership, had rejected, and though the President at first expressed grave doubts about the effect of the measure, he finally accepted it and presented his interpretation. In its second phase the House almost made drastic revisions in the Federal Wage-Hour Law; it did appoint a committee to investigate the Labor Relations Board and the working of the Wagner act, and, most dramatic of all, it threw out the President's lending-spending plan, originally totaling \$3,060,000,000, and the \$800,000,000 additional housing appropriation, without so much as giving official consideration to either.

The contradictions of the last Congress were not limited to those of time. The House and Senate were frequently moving in opposite directions from each other. The Senate was almost consistently the bigger spender; the House was responsible for most of such economy as occurred. The House supplied the greater opposition to the President on domestic issues, but the Senate was more determined in its opposition to amendment of the Neutrality Act. Even important individual bills reflected the inconsistencies of the last session. The revisions of the Social Security Act marked a great advance in the abandonment of the contemplated huge reserve fund, in immediate tax savings, and above all in the new schedule of benefit payments provided. But they moved in a dubious direction in their increases in the State-assistance program, and the mandatory changes imposed on State unemployment insurance plans were ill-considered.

audience as a result of debates on the New Deal with Democratic Congressman T. V. Smith. He comes from a politically strategic state, Ohio, rival of Virginia as the "mother of Presidents." Ohio Republicans are for him, though foes insist that Senator Taft has not been long enough in national affairs to have the master touch.

Styles Bridges was sent from New Hampshire, where he had been Governor, to the United States Senate in 1938. A conservative, foe in particular of government competition with public utilities, he quickly became prominent in the little band of Republicans on the Senate floor. A Bridges-for-President movement started in New England, and the forty-year-old Senator did not discourage it. His candidacy was announced a few weeks ago. He not only aspires to the Republican nomination but to the honor of giving New Hampshire its first White House occupant since the days of Franklin Pierce (1853-1857).

With three Senators in the running for the Republican nomination, readers of the political entrails noted this fact: Of the thirty-two American Presidents, eleven before entering the White House had been members of the United States Senate. They were John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison and Warren G. Harding.

Roosevelt at Sea

The cruiser *Tuscaloosa* dropped down New York's North River one hot afternoon recently, bound for the cool waters off the New England coast. On board was the commander-in-chief of the United States Navy. He was seeking release from the problems of state.

President Roosevelt felt the need of a vacation. For seven months he had tugged and hauled with the Seventy-sixth Congress, as ornery a Congress as he had known. It showed a spirit of independence novel to the New Deal, paid attention only now and then to White House prodding, took the bit in its teeth periodically, and, in short, acted in the fashion traditional with American Congresses toward the end of a second Presidential term.

Harassed, the President had scold-

ed, cajoled and then said, in effect, "Well, it's your own responsibility." Much of the trouble had arisen from a lack of responsibility among the Democratic majority, especially in the House of Representatives, where a well-disciplined Republican minority combined with anti-New Deal Democrats to give the White House a first-class headache.

When the seven months' fight finally ended, the Administration had had its own way, or nearly so, on such measures as these:

(1) *Defense.* In the greatest peacetime armament program in American history, \$1,614,000,000 was appropriated for the Army and Navy, and \$640,565,500 authorized for future use.

(2) *Reorganization.* Authorization of Executive reshuffling of government offices and bureaus in the interest of efficiency and economy was given by Congress after two years of bitter controversy.

(3) *Relief.* Though the W.P.A. was bound with all sorts of new restrictions, it was given for the year 1939-1940 the \$1,477,000,000 requested by the President.

(4) *Monetary Powers.* The Presidential right to cut the value of the dollar was continued, as was the stabilization fund with which the Treasury protects the value of American currency in foreign exchange.

These hard-won successes were counterbalanced by certain definite defeats:

(1) *Spending-lending.* A White House proposal for a \$2,800,000,000 project of self-liquidating works was slashed to ribbons by the Senate and tossed aside by the House.

(2) *Housing.* A companion piece—\$800,000,000 for low-cost housing and slum clearance—was dropped by the House.

(3) *Neutrality.* Mr. Roosevelt wanted existing law revised; particularly did he want to remove the present automatic embargo on the export of American munitions to warring foreign nations. Congress thought the embargo idea a good one—and kept it.

What this record meant in terms of national policy and national politics were the questions uppermost when Congress hustled home from torrid Washington. Did the rebukes to the New Deal and the rebuffs to the President—major and minor, there had been plenty of both—mean that Congress felt a national ground-



Carlisle—The Seattle Times

To the Woodshed and Back.

swell, that the country had turned against the New Deal and Franklin D. Roosevelt, its chief architect? How would the Congressional rebellion affect 1940?

Whatever the answers, Mr. Roosevelt himself immediately hoisted the signal: "We have just begun to fight." In press conference announcements and in a message to the Young Democrats (eighteen to thirty-nine years in age), assembled in national convention at Pittsburgh, he reiterated his loyalty to liberalism. He warned against a conservative Democratic candidate next year and against a "straddlebug platform." He kept his own counsel on the question bothering most politicians—the third term—but as he boarded the *Tuscaloosa* to rest and to think about Congress, Administration policy and 1940, the Young Democrats were

cheering to the echo talk of a Roosevelt third term and prominent political figures were trimming their sails in case the wind blows in the third-term direction.

Grapes of Wrath

Every so often a book hits Americans between the eyes. It sells and sells, is read and talked about until it belongs almost in the national folklore. Such a book was Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. Such a book this season has been John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Selling for weeks at the rate of ten thousand copies a week, it has carried the story of migrant farmers into thousands of homes that would not recognize a migrant farmer if he knocked at the door. The story of California agriculture, its worries and injustice, has

been stamped deeply into national consciousness.

Perhaps Author Steinbeck, who at thirty-seven is already famous for his novels and short stories of California's forgotten men, intended to awaken the national conscience with his account of the "Okies," their impossible working conditions, their encounters with vigilantes allegedly recruited by the Associated Farmers, that organization of the State's great farm-owners that is said to have spread its influence over conservative-minded groups along the West Coast. Perhaps it was expressly to awaken the national conscience that Steinbeck studied the farm migrants at first hand.

At any rate, he managed to focus attention on a social problem and at the same time to stir protest among many Californians, who insisted his story was exaggerated if nothing more. Last month, before adjournment, the United States Senate made certain that the country would hear more of this subject. It earmarked \$50,000 for the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee, which had inves-

tigation of the Associated Farmers on its agenda.

The LaFollette committee's special inquiry, however, had not been directly inspired by the Steinbeck novel, however much that novel may have done to help the inquiry along. The committee has been probing into anti-labor activities, into industrial curbs on civil liberties, into such affairs as the South Chicago steel plant riot two years ago last Memorial Day. Its agents have already looked behind the scenes in California. Now they are expected to start telling publicly about this "tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored."

Sayre to Manila

In Manila is a palace, built with United States funds and larger than the White House, reserved for the High Commissioner's winter use. Among the pine-covered mountains at Baguio is another palatial residence—for use in summer.

Last month a new occupant was designated for these official dwell-

ings. President Roosevelt named as High Commissioner to the Philippines Francis B. Sayre, fifty-four-year-old Assistant Secretary of State. "No better appointment could have been made," said President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth. The new High Commissioner, no stranger to the Commonwealth's problems, has been chairman of the body planning new economic ties to exist between the United States and the Philippines when the Islands obtain their independence in 1946.

The new High Commissioner—his job will pay \$18,000 a year—used to be a college professor. His first wife was Jessie Woodrow Wilson, daughter of the World War President. She died in 1933, and he has remarried. Because of special diplomatic service in the Far East and Europe, Mr. Sayre holds enough foreign decorations to cover the most expanded chest. Among them is the Siamese order: Knight Grand Commander, Chula Chom Kla.

"Measures Short of War"

By resorting to measures short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words," President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull a few weeks ago abruptly abrogated the American-Japanese treaty of commerce of 1911. The action was taken two days after Great Britain had "lost face" by acceding to Japan's demands for recognition of "special requirements" in China.

Washington's move—giving the required six-months' notice of termination of the treaty—was interpreted as the first step toward a proposed arms embargo against Tokyo. Oriental observers were of divided opinion. Some believed that the United States ship of state had been definitely launched into treacherous waters, pointing out that an embargo against Japan could only result in retaliatory moves against American shipping in China seas, especially along the trade routes between the American mainland and the Philippines, and the vital routes to the Dutch East Indies, whence come most of the United States' rubber supplies.

Others, however, were less disturbed, seeing in the White House-State Department move only a political gesture, and citing the fact that, the very day the treaty was abrogated, Senator Vandenberg, Michigan Republican and 1940 Presidential



Marooned in the sea of rejected legislation.

timber, had proposed its abrogation, and that his proposal had been tabled. It was obvious to political experts that both Roosevelt and Vandenberg had sensed the temper of the public, as sampled in a Gallup poll on July 23, which showed a vote of 51 per cent favoring an embargo, 6 per cent "for war," 18 per cent "for a strong protest to Japan for her acts in China," with the remaining people questioned "indifferent."

Still a third group of observers, which has been keeping a strict eye on international affairs in both Europe and the Far East, viewed Washington's action with considerable alarm. While Washington was tardy in "backing Britain to the limit," they believed there was some tacit agreement between London and Washington on a policy of parallelism. One conclusion was that the United States did not want to appear to be hauling chestnuts out of the Oriental blaze for England—a course which would prove very unpopular—even though it is doing exactly that, especially by maintaining the largest part of the combined Atlantic and Pacific fleets in Pacific waters. The fleet serves as an effective reminder to Japan that Washington is on the alert, but Tokyo bitterly resents the naval concentration.

Nevertheless, no matter what motivated Washington's sudden action, the move was "embarrassing" to London, where Prime Minister Chamberlain had not been forewarned. After the United States apparently had refused to support Britain in upholding her "sacred rights" in China, despite considerable pressure, the general attitude of Chamberlain's government was one of resignation. Events in Europe militated against diversion of armed British strength to Asia for the sake of prestige and what Englishmen referred to as "a few million pounds" in commercial interests. Those "few million pounds," however, represent a British stake of \$963,400,000 invested there, compared to the \$150,200,000 invested by the United States in China. There was consequently much comment on the fact that Britishers did not feel that their huge stake was worth a war, while the United States was urged to rush into Asia to defend a small fraction of that amount. And in London people were sure that Washington, by abrogating the treaty, was preparing to rush into the Far Eastern fray on their behalf.



"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledolf; "but it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedleduce, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood; it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

After the Abrogation

There were many in the United States Senate who were alarmed at the abrogation of the 1911 treaty with Japan. Said Senator Shipstead, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite: "In view of the fact that Great Britain has made her peace with Japan, and in view of the importunities we have had to back England and France in the Orient, we are now left holding the bag." Said Clyde Reed, Kansas Republican: "We have bought our first chips in the poker game of war." Washington's move was not totally unexpected in Japan, however, in view of the long impending arms embargo proposals of Senator Key Pittman, Democrat of Nevada. The *Yomiuri Shimbun* of Tokyo laconically commented, concerning an embargo six months hence: "It will make little difference, for the United States has already enforced an embargo against Japan in one way or another." But as tempers rose in Tokyo—where the United States was regarded as the only nation to appreciate the New Order in Asia, said to be patterned along lines of the Monroe Doctrine for the Americas—there was talk of "retaliation."

Meantime, Japan signed new trade agreements with Australia and proceeded to strengthen her present trade treaty with India, one of her biggest customers for cotton goods. One far-reaching result of the United States-Japan treaty abrogation was

the initialing of a new and important trade pact between Japan, Manchukuo and Germany, greatly strengthening the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis and pointing to the fact that Tokyo meant what she said some time ago: "There will be opportunity for all in China who recognize the realities; and as to those who refuse to face facts, we are not to be held responsible for the consequences."

In short, abrogation of the treaty by the United States closed the Open Door a little tighter against America, swung it wider for Germany. The new pact is planned to balance the trade between Japan and Germany, increasing the barter system so that Japan will take more machinery, iron, steel and other goods from Germany, which in turn will buy from Japan more fish oils, blubber (for margarine), raw silk, farm and dairy products, including soy beans. The soy bean should prove a vital product for Germany, for among its hundreds of by-products are such strange and diverse items as milk, explosives, fats, fodder, edible oils, glycerine, paints, rubber substitutes, lubricating oil, ink, butter substitutes and hard soap.

What this new German-Japanese-Manchukuo pact means to the United States is considerable. The vital part that America plays in Japan's foreign trade is well known. In recent years this trade has been in America's favor by roughly two to one. It is now possible that Japan will divert

as much of it as she can to Germany, especially her demand for steel, iron and other metals, for which Japan spent \$49,019,000 last year, including autos (planes were "privately" embargoed by Secretary of State Hull back in 1937). Last year, too, Japan bought \$22,054,000 worth of miscellaneous articles from the United States and most of the items grouped under this category could easily be bought from Germany.

The most important Japanese export to the United States, of course, is silk. America bought \$83,651,000 worth last year. But the *Chugai Shogyo*, leading commercial daily in Tokyo, citing last year's trade figures showing that the United States bought only \$126,820,000 worth of Japanese goods — including silk, canned fish, cotton cloth and pottery — while Japan purchased \$239,620,000 worth of goods from the United States, declared:

"The denunciation of the 1911 treaty of commerce is therefore political, not economic. In view of the fact that silk has become indispensable to American life, and that country purchased \$83,651,000 worth of raw silk alone last year, it is not believed that Washington is in a position to enforce drastic restrictions on silk imports, endangering the 200,000 people engaged in the American silk industry."

The Parade to Hitler

In Europe, meanwhile, Hitler continued to hold the center of the stage while Britain and France smarted accordingly. National leaders from other countries hastened to Germany to learn from the Fuehrer himself just what the future held in store.

Taken one with another, the figures who have previously run to Hitler begin to form quite a parade. In mid-February last year, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, Chancellor of Austria, obeyed Hitler's fateful summons to Berchtesgaden. Early the next month, the Nazi boa-constrictor easily swallowed Austria and raised its head in search of more. A year ago, the German Sudeten leader, Konrad Henlein, who had once angrily denounced National Socialism and all its works, also obeyed the finger beckoning him to Berchtesgaden. A fortnight thereafter Premier Chamberlain, and then Premier Daladier, made tracks to Hitler's bailiwick. Since Munich, the intimi-



Danzig and the Corridor.

dated Regent Prince Paul of Yugoslavia has been at the beck and call of the Wilhelmstrasse. Recently Albert Foerster, Nazi chieftain in autonomous Danzig, has begged instructions of the Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden, followed by the apprehensive Dr. Karl Burckhardt, League of Nations Commissioner of the Danzig Free State.

In almost every case, the sequel to these interviews with the German Chancellor, or his lieutenants, has been disastrous, as the fate of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia eloquently attests. Still another to beat a path to the Nazi oracle is the seventy-one-year-old Admiral Nicholas Horthy, regent of a Hungary evidently in the throes preliminary to being devoured by the Reich.

Hungary Next?

In the light of the recent history of Central Europe, many Hungarians found it difficult to doubt the fate that is in store for their country. In Hungary the Nazi technique has closely paralleled the strategy that prefaced the rape of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia — precisely the same Nazi-inspired internal dissension "viewed apprehensively" by a paternalistic Reich, the familiar and fabricated anti-Semitism followed by formal restrictions on the Jews'

means of livelihood, the Berlin-financed campaign in Hungary for revision of the Trianon treaties, and, finally, the admonition of Berlin that the dissension in Hungary must cease. Hitler today can well afford to show his hand in Hungary after the Nazi electoral coup which gave him control over fifty-three seats in the Hungarian Parliament (in 1938 the National Socialists had but five).

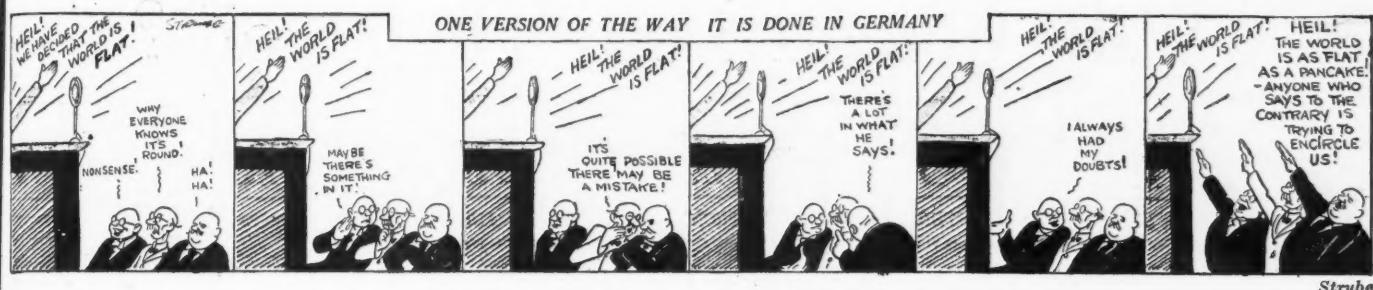
While through August the "war of nerves" continued and grew more intense over Danzig, the Nazis have been casting covetous eyes at Hungary — rich in wheat, barley, oats, coal, and the possessor of the world's largest deposits of bauxite. The Nazis' drive for Danzig, accelerating day by day, has served two purposes — that of generating nervous disorders in Chamberlain and Daladier that are expected to result in further "appeasement" convalescence, and that of diverting the serious attention of the so-called peace-front powers from Nazi machinations in Hungary.

The Danzig "white putsch," in fact, has served a third purpose — it has more or less obscured developments in Yugoslavia. There the situation vis-à-vis the Reich is only a shade less menacing than in Hungary. German and Italian troops are concentrated to the north, northwest and south (in Albania), with Italy in easy command of Yugoslavia's Adriatic seaboard of five hundred miles. If Hitler moves militarily into Hungary, which fronts on Yugoslavia on the northeast for more than three hundred miles, the Axis powers will have accomplished something very literal in the way of "encirclement," a strategic device with which they charge Britain and France.

As it is, Bulgaria, which adjoins Yugoslavia for some two hundred and fifty miles, would almost certainly prove a friendly neutral in any aggression by Germany on the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes whence, at Serajevo, the World War was launched. Despite the threatening situation, the Yugoslav government in August turned thumbs-down on German and Italian demands — they were not merely polite overtures or suggestions — for "supervision" of Yugoslavia's economic and military centers in the event of European war.

Such extraordinary supervision, the Germans and Italians argued, meant only that Yugoslavia would remain in a state of "benevolent neu-





trality." Nazi and Fascist diplomatic agents must be creating a new language; at least, their definition of benevolent neutrality is assuredly not that of other nations.

Trouble in Mexico

While black clouds darkened Europe, there were increasing signs of a storm in the Western Hemisphere in August, and dangerously on our own doorstep. A continuance of the dispute caused by Mexico's expropriation of American oil properties in March, 1938, began to loom as a barrier to friendly relations between Washington and Mexico City when the State Department revealed that a rather complicated plan for the settlement of the dispute had been rejected. This involved an appointment of a nine-man arbitration board, three members to be selected by Mexico, three by the American oil firms involved and three neutral experts.

But behind this dispute ran deeper waters. Three days before Acting Secretary of State Sumner Wells reported the difficulties with Mexico on August 15, swarthy President Lazaro Cardenas, who heads the most militant Leftist Government outside the Soviet Union, shifted his high army command. There were rumors in Mexico of a projected revolt, reports that Cardenas' Rightist foes planned to "deliver the country to the reactionaries, backed by American

Tory capital." At the same time, five members of the Mexican Senate were momentarily expected to be expelled from the party of the Mexican revolution (P.R.M.), the Government party, because of "undisciplined behavior and unjustified attacks against the P.R.M. and its executive."

This group, which formerly supported Francisco J. Mujica, who had retired from the Presidential race a few weeks before, had suddenly swung their support to General Andrew Alamazan, the so-called "reactionary" candidate. Scoring his former co-workers as opportunists, Senator Ernesto Soto Reyes, campaign director of Mujica, declared he was "unable to understand how these men could so shamelessly veer from the extreme left to the extreme right," and intimated in broad terms that they had been "bought by the General and millionaire Alamazan, and his Yankee allies."

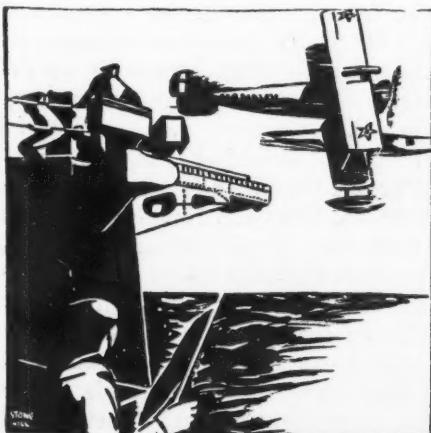
Following this unexpected swerve of the Senators, President Cardenas named General Mujica, who was also former Minister of Communications, to take over the command of the twenty-first military zone, comprising the state of Michoacan on the Pacific coast which is rather fascist-minded. Brigadier General Felix Arita, head of the Michoacan zone, meantime was shifted to the important command of the peasant reserves of the army.

Bolivia's Labor Code

Celebrating "Seis de Agosto," or Day of Liberation, Bolivia this year marked August 6 under a new and unique form of government headed by Lieut. Col. German Busch, who assumed the Presidency two years ago. Late last April, President Busch, a German-trained militarist, made South American history when he formally declared that Bolivia was henceforth to be a strictly totalitarian regime. At that time there were predictions that Bolivia would sign the anti-Comintern pact and formally become a Latin-American mem-

ber of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis. That prediction, however, bore no fruit, and Bolivia has since pursued such an unsensational course that news of the country has seldom made more than a routine press paragraph.

But that did not mean that Bolivia was inactive. On the contrary, it is proving in some respects to be one of the most progressive of the Latin Republics, the policy of the government being neither to the extreme left nor to the extreme right. Although totalitarian, it is not modeled upon, nor does it subscribe to the doctrines of any foreign power. Although Bolivia was the first South American country to raise the standard of revolt against colonial rule, it was the last to gain its freedom on August 6, 1825, following a fifteen-year struggle. Now a new but bloodless battle is being fought for national economic independence. One of the most striking examples of the struggle is the new Bolivian labor code which limits the working hours of men (with few exceptions) to forty-eight hours a week, restricts those of women and youths to forty hours, and forbids child labor. Working conditions are strictly controlled under the new code, which limits the number of foreigners employed to 5 per cent of the total number of employes, provides for vacations of one week to a month, and indemnifies those injured while at work. Organizations of employers and of labor unions are forbidden.



Will Women Lose Their Jobs?

A widespread movement against working women is under way with ten million jobs at stake

NORMAN COUSINS

HERE is the latest depression cure-all, results guaranteed by its supporters:

"There are approximately 10,000,000 people out of work in the United States today. There are also 10,000,000 or more women, married and single, who are job-holders. Simply fire the women, who shouldn't be working anyway, and hire the men. Presto! No unemployment. No relief rolls. No depression."

This is the general idea behind the greatest assault on women's rights in two decades. Its supporters include not only the something-for-nothing groups which can always be depended upon to support chain-letter movements and share-the-wealth plans, but a large section of public opinion—as yet unacquainted with all the facts—which finds it hard to resist the supposed logic of millions of unemployed men replacing millions of employed women. Impetus to the drive—at least psychologically—is lent by the fact that the payrolls of many communities and private organizations are open only to males.

The first move toward the complete defeminizing of public and private jobs is discrimination against the married woman. Having thus inserted its foot in the door, the oust-women campaign seeks eventually to enter and hang up the *verboten* sign to all women, married or single, employed or seeking employment.

This year, twenty-two states have been the proving grounds for attempted discrimination against married women in public service or in industry. Bills have been introduced in their legislatures with an almost identical purpose: to lessen local unemployment of men through various restrictions against the employment of married women. The bills, however, are not identical in scope or operation. In some states they would limit the ban against women to official positions. In some states, like Illinois and Massachu-



Dr. Minnie L. Maffett, President, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

sets, they would soften the blow of discrimination by permitting married women to remain in public office if their husbands were poorly paid or out of work. But a bill in California—regarded by many women as Job Enemy No. 1—would make illegal the employment of married women in private business as well as public office.

Fortunately for the married women, discriminatory legislation in many instances fell a victim to summer adjournment of the legislatures. But calendars of at least a dozen states are crowded with bills seeking to curtail employment of the working wife; these bills will have the advantage of early introductions when legislatures reconvene. Moreover, resolutions have been adopted in at least one branch of the legislative bodies of five states against married couples on public payrolls. Governor Dixon of Alabama and Governor Long of Louisiana did not wait

for legislative action but issued orders banning employment of wives if their husbands also were working for the state.

Of such concern is this trend to the nation's women leaders that it has been called the greatest issue to affect women since their victorious fight for suffrage. In its recent convention at Kansas City, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs announced a frontal attack on what it considers the most serious problem it has faced in twenty years. In the eyes of Federation leaders the legislation already introduced is a portent of even more widespread attacks to come.

Unless there is a substantial improvement in business during the next few months, the American people may find in the question of married women in business an issue whose intensity may remind them of the war over woman's right to the ballot. Of course, a sudden boom whose golden wand would wave the unemployed back to private payrolls would destroy the movement against woman's right to work and provide insurance for female job security. But there is no boom in sight. Instead, the present W.P.A. layoffs are certain to dramatize further the plight of the unemployed and arouse public opinion to the urgency of some solution.

That one proposed solution should be the dismissal of women, married or single, from gainful employment is not surprising. Especially on the issue of married women in industry is the proposal understandable, though not sound or even practicable. For one thing, Americans are home-minded. They are for anything that tends toward preserving the family, against anything which might weaken the family as the traditional unit of our civilization. If they are convinced—as many seem to be—that employment of women tends to undermine their normal functions as

mothers and home builders, they might support legal attempts to bar employment to married or even to single women.

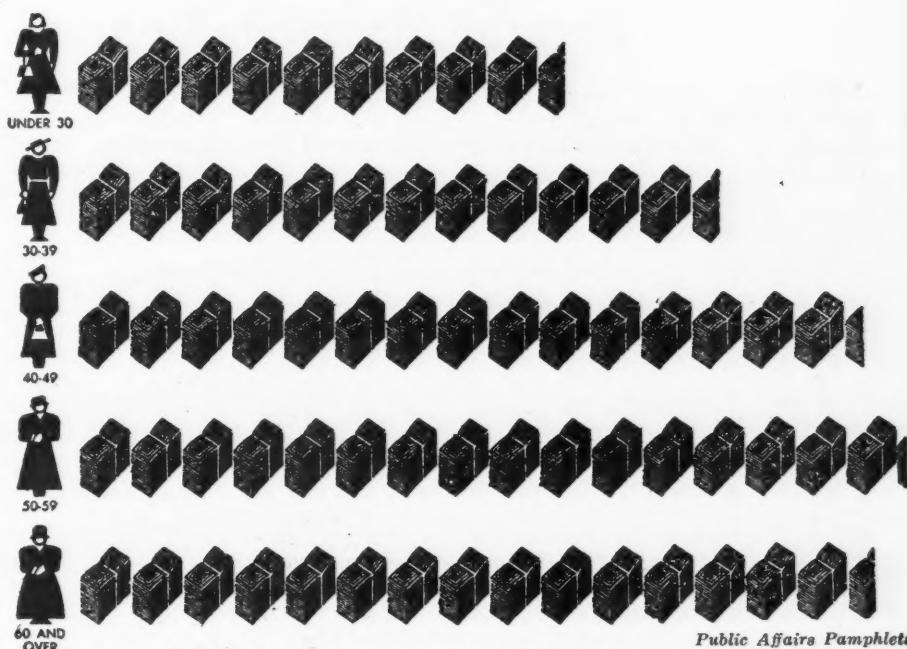
There are, of course, many familiar "moral" arguments against the working wife: woman's place is in the home, the management of which is enough work for any person; her first allegiance is to the bearing and raising of children; there is a direct relationship between the increase of women in business and the declining birth rate.

But the main "economic" argument, to repeat, is that men are being kept out of their jobs by women. A corollary is that one working person to a family ought to be enough.

IN considering these planks in the "oust-women-from-industry" platform, it is impossible to state flatly that they are wholly justified or wholly false. A human equation is involved here, one with many variables. It is impossible, for example, to state arbitrarily that married women who work are undermining the American home. When Mrs. Jones puts in eight hours a day at the office she may seem to be slighting her home responsibilities. But let us look below the surface and attempt to see why Mrs. John Jones, average American working wife, has decided to keep her job after marriage.

John Jones, twenty-six, has been courting Mary Smith, twenty-three, for almost two years. They would have been married a year ago were it

AGE AND EARNINGS



Public Affairs Pamphlets

Each stack of bills represents 100 dollars per year.

not that John's salary of \$25 seemed too small to support two people, and eventually children, especially since his job, like a good many jobs during depression years, carried no promise of permanency or even advancement. And so they waited, hoping that times would improve and bring John a better position.

The solution came not through a better job for John, but through a job for Mary as cashier in a restaurant. The salary was \$18. At first, John was reluctant to consider marriage on such terms. His brother, married ten years earlier, had been able to support his wife; John liked to think he could do the same. But when John and Mary looked around them and observed friends who had prolonged engagements for five and even ten years, without materially improving their prospects; when they realized that they were sacrificing life's normal relationships for nothing but the gamble of a better day, they decided to strike out boldly together. Mary would keep her job, the combined income would be enough for a modest home, and perhaps some day for a family.

John had to swallow his pride, but it wasn't so difficult when he discovered that there were many married men in almost precisely the same circumstances.

This example may seem tailor-made to fit the argument that women who work help make marriage and

a home possible in uncertain times. But reliable surveys show that this case is by no means unique; that—allowing for individual variations—it represents a fairly accurate picture of what has been happening in America during depression years.

The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor reports that in recent years the majority of married women at work have been working not because of a desire for a career or for economic independence but because of the need to provide or supplement the family income. This same conclusion was stressed in a survey among 652 employed wives which Cecile Tipton LaFollette undertook for Teachers College of Columbia University. Of the 652 families studied by Miss LaFollette, 125 husbands—or about 20 per cent—were unemployed, their inactivity ranging from two months to twenty years. Six per cent of the husbands earned less than \$1,000, while 25 per cent earned less than \$2,000.

AN even stronger picture is presented in a study undertaken by the New York State Division of Women in Industry and Minimum Wage. Examining case records of 280,000 families which received help from the State Emergency Relief Bureau, it discovered that the woman was the sole wage earner in nine cases out of ten. And even in non-relief cases,



Mrs. Saidie Orr Dunbar, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Should Married Women Work?

Should married women work? CURRENT HISTORY put this question to a number of America's most outstanding women, married and single. These are their opinions:

MARY ANDERSON

Director Women's Bureau, Department of Labor

So long as two-thirds of the families in the United States have incomes of less than \$1,500 a year, there is a very good economic reason why married women should work. Women's Bureau studies show that about 9 out of 10 married women who are employed or seeking employment are doing so from necessity rather than from choice. One way of meeting this situation would be to guarantee to the husband security of employment and a living wage, thus making it possible for many wives to withdraw from their paid jobs.

But, regardless of the need of the families involved, there should in this country be no restriction against the employment of married women. One of the cornerstones of a democracy is the right of its people to work and to hold jobs on the basis of their qualifications, whether they are married or single, rich or poor. When one group in the population is singled out for discrimination, the way is opened for other inroads on democratic rights.

The argument that married women in public service keep other persons out of work and add to the unemployment problem is fallacious. The number of such women is so small that their discharge would not make a dent on the unemployment problem.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
Novelist

When I hear a bit of complaint about some married woman working I do not see an indictment of the sex even though it has made it such. What I see is some man or woman without a job striking blindly at what seems an unfair distribution of work and income.

With such a move women should be tolerant, they should be kind, but they should be no less firm. There are thwarted and bitter people back of every attempt to legislate married women out of the professions. But the remedies are nostrums. They are not even good painkillers. And if we allow the public to try one, soon it will restlessly try another and perhaps legislate another group of useful citizens out of the working world.

MARY R. BEARD
Historian

Since married women always have worked outside the home, taking their cradles with them if need be, since women even made the home originally by work outside, to question the advisability of their so working now is to question the course of all human history. Married women, anthropologists of high rank believe, were the first farmers by voluntary action and married women worked in the fields throughout the ages as well as by the hearth; countless numbers still do; more do when men go off to slaughter men in wars. Married women, anthropologists of high rank believe, invented all the prime industrial arts, possessing the first creative intelligence of a social nature. Married women in the pioneering age of America worked inside and outside the home on every succeeding frontier. One of them ran what is thought to be the first packet line between the new world and the old and went with her cargoes to buy and sell directly. By the manufacturing and business enterprise of married women in America, the economic basis of the independent American nation was largely laid, as British and American statesmen knew perfectly well.

The raising of an issue about married women's

right to work now represents a battle of men for wages and salaries to be shared with wives who work, if at all, within the house, or with courtesans. If the decisions runs against women one moment, anywhere, it will run for them the next moment. Even the Nazis veered almost overnight because they found that they could not operate without the work of women beyond the cradle, whether women were married or single. If there were more intelligence today, we would find ways for all men and women to work and without the brutality of forced labor.

MARGARET CUTHBERT

**Director of Women's Activities,
National Broadcasting Co.**

There's no better answer to this question than the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—

that married women are just as much free citizens of this country as unmarried women or men.

They have the same right to pursue their own lives and to be employed in any occupation they can find, as men.

To deny them this right is an abridgement of their constitutional rights.

The great mass of married women in this country do not work outside their homes but it is a basic principle of this Democracy that any woman should have the right to work if she wishes to. Married women, like other people, have responsibilities based upon their own individual problems.

Who can say that the married woman of today who does not work is secure? Her husband may become ill, be thrown out of his job or divorce her.

In a free democratic society each citizen should be able to choose his or her own way of life.

The only standard or requirement should be the ability of the person to do the job regardless of sex or status.

OCTAVIA GOODBAR
President, National Federation of Press Women

The careers of women, since modern machinery has lifted their burden of hand labor, leave us with a question on our lips! Do individuals rise so high? Is machine emancipation from heavy toil in reality the twilight of mental and spiritual power?

One consequence of our machine-age is the present grim struggle for jobs between married and unmarried women. The latter insist that wives not only deprive them of employment, but fill jobs that men otherwise might have—thus making marriage impossible for many. Jobs or husbands—but not both—is their battle-cry.

Should we purge three and a half million married women from gainful work? Such purge would have little immediate effect on male employment. Over half the registered unemployed men are laborers and skilled artisans; quite unfit to take places held by women. Even if the working of wives should be discouraged as a detriment to posterity, it still remains to be shown that preventative legislation can avoid an unacceptable impairment of guarantees contained in our constitution.

Impulses born of unemployment psychology provide no good reasons for driving competent women out of honestly won jobs. In the business world there is no marriage nor giving in marriage; only work to be well done. Unemployment is not a sex problem, nor will it be solved by sex discrimination.

(Continued on page 62)

a report of the Young Women's Christian Association showed, on the basis of a survey of 519 married women who were factory workers, salesgirls, telephone operators, and clerical workers, that the overwhelming majority preferred to remain at home but continued at their jobs because the husband's income was nonexistent or insufficient for the bare necessities of life. If additional proof is needed, it is supplied by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, whose questionnaire on this subject went to 12,000 women all over the country. The replies, according to the Federation, made it clear that "women are working to earn a living—for themselves, of course; but half of them are also earning a living for parents, sisters, brothers, husbands, children, who, in increasing numbers through the years, turn to them as breadwinners and often as home makers as well."

One important thing to keep in mind in all the hubbub over women at work is that less than one-quarter of our adult female population is employed; of 43,000,000 women fifteen years of age and over, 10,632,000 hold jobs. Census figures say that of this number 3,070,000—or one-third—are married. It is possible, however, that the number of married women on private and government payrolls actually runs as high as five million, for many women refuse to acknowledge their marital status, fearing that would mean discrimination. This is especially true in the

teaching profession where the National Education Association estimates that more than 75 per cent of the nation's school boards favor unmarried teachers.

What type of jobs do women hold? In order of their size, the groupings are: Domestic and Personal, 3,166,603; Clerical, 1,986,142; Manual and Mechanical, 1,877,989; Professional Service, 1,525,960; Trade, 961,101; Agriculture, 814,766; Transportation, 281,025.

Analysis of these figures prompts the Department of Labor to point out that competition in industry is between one man and another, rather than between men and women. At most, not more than 1,000,000 jobs now held by women could pass to men. And of the 3,000,000-odd jobs held by women who admittedly are married, probably no more than 300,000 could be satisfactorily or willingly filled by males. This would "create" new jobs for only 3 per cent of the men now out of work.

Fundamentally, the unemployment of men is not caused by women who hold jobs but by the infirmities of the economic structure itself. Nor is the depression an affliction visited exclusively upon the male; the woman must bear her part of the burden, as more than 2,000,000 unemployed women can attest.

WITH the passing of the Golden Era in 1929 a social as well as an economic adjustment has been necessary. There has been a tremendous reshuffling of values. For many a young man today, employment and wages are both uncertain and insufficient for marriage responsibilities. Instead of lecturing young men about going out into the world and conquering well-paying jobs which will make marriage possible, it might be well to recall that it is not the young who are responsible for the economic rockpile over which we have been stumbling these last ten years. The depression is not of their making but ours. In our eagerness to get to the top of Mt. Million we never stopped to see whether our footing was secure; our eyes could see nothing but a magical summit where people lived in opulence and exhilaration. When the inevitable avalanche came we were swept swiftly to the bottom.

In answer to all of which the oust-women-from-jobs group may say



"It is the basic right of any human being to work," says Mrs. Roosevelt.

that, yes, we are living in changing times and that, indeed, this is an emergency. And that, they may add, is precisely why extreme measures are needed and justified. Millions of men, many of them with families, are out of work. Most of them would be satisfied with salaries now paid to women. The ouster should begin with the working married woman because she should be dependent upon the man. After that, single women should be withdrawn from jobs. And who will look after them? Well, someone will; someone always does. Besides, unemployment with women is a matter of relative hardship at worst. But with men—especially family men—the hardship is absolute and complete. The state should have the right to step in and, for the greater benefit of all, say who shall work and who shall not.

An intriguing but hardly a practical thought. Because the more you study the figures of the various occupations which would be involved in the taking over of women's jobs by men, the more preposterous the scheme becomes. Imagine an average day in an America without working women:

John Citizen arrives at his office to be greeted by a male receptionist, a male switchboard operator and a male private secretary who opens his mail, arranges his appointments and takes dictation. At lunch his favorite waitress is missing, her place taken by a young man. At three o'clock he visits his dentist and is greeted by a male nurse. At four-thirty Mrs. Citizen calls to complain about



Discrimination against the married woman is "un-American," says Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.

Harry, who has taken the place of the part-time maid, and who refuses to wash the baby's clothes.

At the dinner table, Mary, who has just entered kindergarten, complains about Mr. Mann, the new teacher. Mrs. Citizen resents the personal questions asked by the new male salesclerk when she went shopping for underwear. She also resents the husky baritone voice that moans "Number, please," every time she picks up the phone.

Ridiculous? Certainly. But this is what a general purge of *all* women in industry would mean. It is impossible to carry through a large-scale replacement of one large bloc of labor for another unless there is an identity of functions all along the line. Approximately 3,500,000 men out of work are manual laborers. Which places vacated by women can they take? Approximately 3,100,000 women are employed as domestics. Which men want to take their places? There are about 920,000 salesgirls, whose replacement by men in most cases would be ludicrous.

But perhaps there are not enough people who seriously advocate the complete turning over of women's jobs to unemployed men to warrant further discussion of this obviously unworkable plan. Perhaps it would be better to consider some of the less drastic proposals. These range from the ousting of married women in public service whose husbands are also on official payrolls to the dismissal of married women whose husbands are able-bodied.

MANY of the opponents of husband-wife working teams argue only against the married woman who works even though she may not need the job. Indeed, through this reasoning they have attracted the support of thousands of unmarried working women who feel that single girls should have first call on available jobs. Thus the battle over women's rights—and it is precisely that—is being fought without unity among women. In addition to the single women who advocate eliminating married women from jobs are a great many "non-working" wives who feel that women have no place outside the home; that, as Blackstone once said, a "woman is entitled to no power, only reverence."

But it is impossible to dissociate the attempt to discriminate against

working wives from the attempt to discriminate against single women. The difference is merely one of degree: today the law may be mild; tomorrow it will be severe. Once the precedent were established discrimination probably would move straight down the line. First against the married woman in public service whose husband is also employed in an official capacity. Then against the married woman in public service whose husband is employed in private industry. Then against the married working woman whose husband earns a stipulated amount. Then against the married working woman—with any qualifiers. Finally, against the working girl, married or not. As long as economic pressure and clamor for jobs persisted the discrimination probably would continue to its ultimate nonsensical end.

Yet even assuming that those who would discriminate against married women in jobs are sincere when they say they will go that far and no farther, are any of their arguments valid?

True, it would be possible to replace a relatively small number of married working women with men—for example, in the teaching profession. True, a number of wives (the exact percentage is anybody's guess) who would be deprived of jobs would experience no great economic hardship, nor would their families. All this, however, would hold for only a relatively small number. The overwhelming majority of women who work, as we have pointed out, do so because they must. Furthermore, even in the cases of those not motivated by absolute necessity, there are economic disadvantages in ousting them from jobs, disadvantages which largely offset any economic gain derived from the reduction of unemployed males. Cecile LaFollette's study shows that married women job-holders generally create other jobs for other workers. Particularly is this true of the woman in the upper salary brackets. A loss of job by this kind of woman would be reflected in a consequent loss of jobs for nurses, teachers, cooks and housemaids. Of 652 married working women, Miss LaFollette found that 540 employed help in one form or another.

Her conclusions are supported by an investigation at the University of Wisconsin. It clearly indicates that "married women employ help in the home directly in the form of cleaning, cooking, nursing, furnace tending, and indirectly in the form of laundry and restaurant meals."

Moreover, a survey by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women reveals that 48 per cent of working women, married and single, have one or more dependents. The survey, reaching almost sixty thousand women, shows that one in every six is the sole support of a household of from two to eight persons.

BUT even outside the economic sphere, arguments against the working wife reveal weakness. There is much talk about the mother's place in the home, very little about the fact that the home has changed. Housekeeping for the average family today is no longer a full-time job. We are no longer living in the days when families numbered a dozen or more, and, what with cooking, baking, canning, washing, spinning, sewing and mending, woman's work was never done. The average American family today numbers three children or less, who are away from home at least five hours a day. Inexpensive, modern gadgets simplify what were once long, tedious household tasks. In short, the home has changed from a producing to a consuming unit.

This change is reflected not only in employment of married women but in the growth of social and church work, and in the spread of adult education, of culture and entertainment groups. In these circumstances, it is difficult to blame the married woman who is not content to remain a semi-idle dependent, but who seeks in business an outlet for her talents and energies. Dr. Richard

(Continued on page 63)



From Garbage to Good Government

Montclair, N. J., found the price of politics too high so its citizens stepped in and built a model civic structure

WILLIAM HARD, JR.

STANGE things have often been found in garbage dumps; Montclair, New Jersey, found the strangest of all—the seed for a citizens' movement which has revivified the democratic life of the community and has made Montclair one of the best-run towns in the United States.

For a generation, Montclair had suffered from two contrasting, but almost equally disastrous, forms of mis-government. During the boom years, its officials often were dignified residents who basked genially in the "honor of public office," facing few serious municipal problems.

In 1932, professional politicians led by a lieutenant of Boss Frank Hague of Jersey City took over the five-man commission. There were charges of favoritism and worse, of supplies bought from friends, with no nonsense about competitive bidding. Montclair's physical plant began to go to pieces from neglect. Political jealousy between department heads was so great that municipal employees were afraid even to talk to each other, let alone co-operate.

But the politicians slipped up. They tossed out the perfectly good municipal garbage collection system and handed the job to a private contractor. When the new collector had to settle a law suit for \$15,000 it was said that the commissioners paid half—with tax-payers' funds.

These charges aroused a group of wide-awake women. They banded together for study and discussion of garbage and other town problems, calling themselves, with deceptive good humor, the "Pig Women." Their husbands, at first mildly surprised at their outburst, soon became enthusiastic. They, too, adopted a name: "Pygmaliens."

The Pig Women and the Pygmaliens probed deeper into their city government and they found things as malodorous as the garbage that first aroused them. So they went out and rang doorbells, and by keeping everlastingly at it they stirred up a lot of excitement. In 1934 they energetically campaigned for a city manager form of government, but failed. Undiscouraged, in 1936 they put up a Citizens' Ticket to run against the incumbent commissioners. This time their patient work was rewarded: they elected four of their five candidates.

THEIR ticket is a prize exhibit. The four commissioners elected were: Louis K. Comstock, an electrical engineer and president of New York's Merchants' Association; Bayard H. Faulkner, secretary-treasurer of the Seaboard Oil Company; William Speers, president of James McCutcheon's, New York department store; and Dallas Townsend, lawyer, once Assistant Secretary of State.

These men, all eminently successful and burdened with private affairs, made a genuine sacrifice in accepting the responsibilities of public office. For months, until they got the municipal wheels spinning smoothly,

they worked far into the night, giving up leisure and recreation.

They undertook, and have never relaxed, a steady campaign to make citizens participate actively in town affairs. Pamphlets explaining civic problems go out with water bills; circulars are tucked into tax bills. Neighborhood meetings are encouraged to study every knotty town problem. Annual budgets, by some sort of miracle, are put into a form the layman can understand, then mailed to every family. Budget Week has become an established institution; this year twenty-five civic organizations accepted the commissioners' invitation to designate representatives for a careful survey of proposed expenditures before the budget was adopted. This year, too, postcard questionnaires were sent to each family, asking whether library and health services, garbage collections, and street lighting and cleaning should be reduced, and if so, by how much. A majority of the citizens favored keeping up all safety and health services, but were willing to get along with a little less library service and only two garbage collections a week instead of three. The commissioners promptly put the suggestions into effect—saving approximately \$20,000.

The commissioners feel that their greatest achievement is the arousing of Montclair voters to civic participation. But the administrative accomplishments of the new commissioners are hardly less notable. The town's affairs had been bungled even more than they suspected when they took office. Central purchasing was in the hands of a pleasant young man who, however, knew little about the job. In per capita debt,

MUST BE MAILED NOT LATER THAN MARCH 30th.

YES NO

DO YOU FAVOR REDUCED LIBRARY SERVICES?
DO YOU FAVOR REDUCED HEALTH SERVICES?
DO YOU FAVOR REDUCTION IN GARBAGE TRASH AND ASH COLLECTIONS FROM THREE TO TWO PER WEEK?
DO YOU FAVOR REDUCED STREET LIGHTING?
DO YOU FAVOR REDUCED STREET CLEANING?
DO YOU FAVOR INCREASED FEES FOR TENNIS COURT USE?

OTHER COMMENTS

Note: Sign only if you so desire.

Postcard "ballots" such as these helped Montclair's civic commission to give citizens the kind of government they wanted. Return postage for the cards was paid by the town.



G. E. McMillen

Montclair ranked ninth among all the communities of comparable size (fifty thousand) in the United States. Assessment lists had not been reviewed for twenty-five years. Tax collection methods dated back thirty-five years; taxes were grossly delinquent. Under the guise of "economy," the former administration had permitted streets, sewers, fire equipment, water supply and buildings to deteriorate seriously—a method of saving about as sensible as not going to the dentist when your teeth hurt.

Clearly the neophytes had bitten off a large chunk of trouble. Being business and professional men instead of politicians, they did the businesslike thing and called in specialists. Of course, this aroused provincialism. Why bring in outsiders, why send local money out of town? But the commissioners stuck to their guns; they wanted the best men available, wherever they might be found.

From Pennsylvania they imported an experienced purchasing agent. Specifications were drawn up according to United States or New Jersey State standards, and contracts were awarded on a strictly competitive basis, with favoritism eliminated. Formerly, the town's gasoline supplies were purchased from favored dealers at 10.8 cents a gallon. Now the city buys gas wholesale at 6.27 cents. Within the first year the purchasing agent had saved in this item alone the cost of his own salary. But he went right on. Contracts for road oil had been so drawn that only one company could supply it. When competitive bidding was introduced the price dropped from 12 cents to 8 cents

a gallon. Similarly, crushed rock for road construction sank from \$2.36 to \$1.04 a ton; hydrants dropped from \$77 to \$63. And so on, right down to stationery and carbon paper.

The commissioners imported Stewart M. Weaver, outstanding municipal engineer. By just one of his many suggestions he, too, paid for himself the first year. The town had been pumping water to the top of a high hill—when it came down again the pressure was too great; by pumping some of the water only half way up the hill, he bettered service and saved the town money. He also electrified all pumps and rebuilt the main station; savings will pay for all that in five years.

To obtain an impartial assessment of land values, the commissioners hired a large Cleveland firm. The job cost \$25,000—but saved citizens \$165,000 in county and state taxes the following year.

Top insurance men of New York and Newark were tapped for advice. They discovered that the town's five governmental divisions had been buying insurance separately; some buildings were not covered at all, while others were lumped together. Now insurance buying has been centralized and the town has better coverage than ever before—and inquiries about how it was done have poured in from places as far west as Nebraska.

Garbage collection was again made a municipal function, with improved methods. Before the old garbage contract expired, a representative of the Public Administration Service of Chicago was called in to lay out an



Stewart M. Weaver

adequate system and write specifications for bids. The lowest private offer was \$119,000. It was turned down. The town's engineering staff had bid only \$97,000. New trucks, built low to make loading easier, practically eliminated hernia, although the average rate among garbage collectors runs to almost 40 per cent. On the theory that men who look better do better work, collectors were outfitted with neat gray uniforms; housewives strongly approved.

A FEW other improvements should be mentioned, because Montclair is proud of them. Twelve miles of new and better street paving have been laid. Hundreds of new fire hydrants and twelve miles of new water main improve fire-fighting facilities. An old school has been reconstructed for health and welfare services. A radio system has stepped up police coverage 50 per cent. Morale of municipal employees has vastly and visibly improved.

With all this, Montclair has been put into an enviable financial position. The city is now on a pay-as-you-go basis, and the bonded debt has been partly paid and partly refinanced at the amazingly low rate of 2 1/8 per cent. Delinquent taxes are less by \$500,000, partly as the result of personal phone calls appealing to civic pride. Montclair citizens are paying \$240,000 less in taxes this year than last—although three fourths of the other towns in the same county raised their taxes this year. Bank loans of \$1,000,000 have been liquidated, and the town is

(Continued on page 63)

WHEN YOU TURN YOUR FAUCET

To Montclair Water Consumers:

DO YOU THINK OF pipes and dams, of pumps and watershed, of men and millions, together making possible the stream which gushes forth when you turn your faucet?

This message is the first of a series dealing graphically with the major aspects and problems of Montclair's Water Supply.

The four million dollar investment in the system is your investment; the men and women who manage it are your representatives. They desire to render you an even better service. To do this, they must have your interest and cooperation.

BUREAU OF WATER SUPPLY
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

First page of a pamphlet sent to all Montclair citizens. Other pamphlets dealt with similar civic subjects.

The Chinese Are Like That

The Chinese are a warm, colorful people, whether fighting, working, celebrating or just talking

CARL CROW

CARL CROW is an American business man, a Missionary who has lived in the Far East for twenty years, first in Shanghai, where he was city editor of the *China Press* and where he eventually became editor and publisher of *The Shanghai Evening Post*, and later in Tokyo, where he was business manager of *The Japan Advertiser*.

Six years ago he returned to his native America to take up free-lance writing and the business of advertising. Out of the vast store of observations he brought back with him have come several books which have established him as one of America's most colorful and engaging writers on things Chinese. His *400,000,000 Customers*, which became an immediate

best-seller, was in effect a digest of letters written in answer to questions from business people everywhere who wanted information about selling goods to the Chinese. His *I Speak for the Chinese*, published last year, presented the opinion of an American familiar with Oriental affairs on the present war in China. On September 20, a new book by Carl Crow, *The Chinese Are Like That*, will be published by Harper and Brothers and will deal with aspects of Chinese life not generally known in this country.

In the accompanying article, Mr. Crow presents vignettes of China and her people. He looks past the present war and into the *real China*, which, he says, can never be conquered.

FOREIGN religions, foreign philosophies and alien rule have each contributed something to China and taken nothing from her. She has yielded to all of these forces and been conquered by none of them. Perhaps this introduction of alien thought may have changed the shade of Chinese life, but it has not changed the color. Confucius, resurrected, would today find illiterate ricksha coolies and world-famous authors and philosophers of his own nationality to whom he would still be a revered master, as he was to the faithful disciples with whom he lived and worked in the days when Daniel made pacifists out of the lions.

He would probably, if he should see Japan's present attempt to change the structure of Chinese life by means of military force, not be particularly distressed. He believed and taught that physical conquest was unimportant; that those who do not surrender their souls, their thoughts, and their ideals, as China never has, must survive.

WHEN I first went to China I was, like most other newcomers, shocked and somewhat nauseated by what appeared to be the unspeakable filth of the country. Houses and streets were dirty and

children's faces needed washing and most of the streams were muddy. City and country were equally dirty—the difference being in kind rather than in degree.

In the past few years, thanks to the influence of the New Life Movement, there has been a general tidying up of the country and many conspicuous evidences of filth have disappeared, but the fact remains that most Chinese still live under conditions of filth that many foreigners would find unbearable.

However, cleanliness is all a matter of personal preference which sometimes follows certain national lines. It is Americans and British especially who make a fetish of cleanliness and find something sinful in the fact that any people can be happy though dirty. Of the many exhibitions of vanity and complacent self-satisfaction which the nationals of these two great nations display, there is none which seems to give them more satisfaction than their ability to sneer at a man with a dirty shirt.

As to Chinese cleanliness, my initial surprise that they should be so dirty has, after a quarter of a century, changed to surprise that, considering their difficulties, they should be so clean. For cleanliness everywhere is costly and, when expressed in terms of other things, it is proba-

bly more expensive in China than in any other country. Soap costs as much there as in other places and the people have less money with which to purchase it. There are few people in America who would look on a cake of ordinary toilet soap as a luxury, and fewer still who cannot afford to buy cheap laundry soap. But in China there are many who can afford neither. A day's food for a family can be purchased for less than the cost of a bar of cheap laundry soap. If the long blue cotton gown which is the common dress of the country were washed every day, the maintenance cost as represented by the consumption of soap would soon be out of all proportion to the original cost of the gown. A cake of good toilet soap represents a day's wages to a very large proportion of the wage-earners of the country. When confronted by the necessity of a choice between food and soap, the choice is for food, just as mine would be under similar circumstances.

Cleanliness in China is a matter of dollars and cents, just as it is with most other people. Those who can afford it are clean and those who cannot, adjust themselves to a certain kind of filthy comfort. One of the most certain indications of the poverty or prosperity of a district is found in the number of soap shops,



Drawings by G. Sapochnikoff from Four Hundred Million Customers.

and increased soap sales inevitably follow good crops. When crops are bad or there is for any other reason a period when money, which is always scarce, is even scarcer than usual, then the sales of cigarettes and soap both suffer, for these are two luxuries which can only be procured by a cash expenditure. Many a Chinese farmer is often confronted by the cruel dilemma of whether he will buy a packet of cigarettes for himself or a cake of soap for his wife.

MANY European and American housewives strive for the ideal of a spotless house. With all their scrubbing and polishing, they never quite succeed, for there is always a bit of dust loitering in this corner or that, to say nothing of millions of disease germs which a microscope would discover in the most spotless kitchen. Chinese housewives never attempt this impossible ideal. In every household, even the meanest and most obviously filthy, the battle against dirt actually goes on, but never with the idea that it can be vanquished completely. In this, as in other things, the Chinese reach a comfortable compromise and a house that is reasonably clean is deemed to have met all requirements anyone should ask. If dirt and rubbish are swept under the table, it is at least out of the way and will not be seen except by those who are impolitely curious.

The presence of cockroaches in a house is considered an evidence of a portent of prosperity. It stands to reason that a household which cannot feed a family of cockroaches must be very poor.

As a matter of fact, this question of the presence or absence of cockroaches in a Chinese home is purely academic, for no household is so poor that it does not shelter them, usually in considerable quantities. The only

possible exception should be the modern Shanghai apartment, constructed with all the skill of the architect and engineer and equipped with all the modern sanitary appliances; but they are usually found even here.

One of my fellow Americans made frequent business trips into the interior provinces, where he lived for several weeks at a time in the sketchy and uncomfortable accommodations afforded by Chinese inns. Like most other foreigners who are veteran travelers in the hinterlands of China, he had developed a certain method of procedure in order to smooth out the rough places and make life as comfortable as possible. Chinese inns are notoriously infested with bedbugs, but my friend had a system which quarantined them and enabled him to spend a night in the worst inn with considerable comfort. He carried with him one of the light folding cots with which every traveler in China is equipped. After supper his servant would set up the cot in the middle of the room with each leg immersed in a shallow tin of kerosene, thereby effectively insulating it against the encroachments of bedbugs, centipedes, and other vermin. With a candle at the head of his cot, my friend would read until he fell asleep, thus achieving a degree of comfort and entertainment which left little to be desired.

Chinese forests have been cut down, erosion has washed soil from the slopes of hills, many parts of the Yellow River Valley have been covered by floods which left deposits of sand, and yet the fact remains that after forty centuries of constant cultivation, the farms of China are still productive and support the largest farming population on earth. The answer to this is the Chinese farmer's constant search for fertilizer. Every bit of refuse around the farm is thrown into the compost heaps. In

the winter the bottoms of canals and creeks are dredged and rich black silt stored for deposit on the fields. The harvest of manure and the harvest of crops are carried on with equal care.

Some parts of China were crowded and the fertility of some farm lands began to be exhausted more than twenty centuries ago. Fertilizer was necessary and every available source was used. The most efficient, most dependable and most easily procurable supply came from their own bodies—a natural return to the soil of the fertility of which it had been robbed—and so the use of human manure became and still remains the mainstay of Chinese agriculture.

Indeed, to a Chinese, with his love of the soil, and his faithful care for it, it is as absurd to provide sanitary plumbing for men as it would be to provide it for horses, pigs, or chickens. The use of human manure is so important to the production of crops in China that if by some modern mechanical miracle every home in China could be equipped with sanitary plumbing, and its use made compulsory, the following growing season would see a famine of such magnitude as to be inconceivable, for the crops would not grow without fertilizer and the greater part of the world's most numerous people would undoubtedly starve. So great a number of people would be affected that all the world's surplus grain could give them little relief.

Many sociologists shudder to think of what may happen to the Chinese race if the present movements for sanitation, public health, and child welfare reach the same proportions in China as in other countries, and the cruel selective process which nature has set up is disturbed. Instead of four hundred million people who are healthy and strong there may be twice that number who are sickly and weak. Or again, the world may face the most serious problem of overpopulation that has yet confronted it.

LONG before the younger nations were faced by similar problems the Chinese were, by the severity of their struggle for existence, forced to sharpen their wits. It was no longer possible, as in purely agricultural and pastoral communities, to live by the simple process of tilling the soil and harvesting the crops. Clever merchants and powerful officials began to

play their parts in the affairs of the country, and the simple country yokel ceased to exist, for he either starved or learned new tricks. If Chinese are the smartest traders in the world, as some believe them to be, there is good reason for it, for they have had a longer experience than any other people and under the most difficult competitive conditions.

There are no fences in China and the Chinese farmer centuries ago evolved a system of protecting his growing crops without the expense of fences, which would not only cost money to build, but would cut off something from the productive area of the tiny fields. The same strategem is still in use all over the country. The farmer merely sprinkles the plants with chicken feathers and the crops are as safe as they would be with a hogtight woven-wire fence, for the foraging animal has a nauseating aversion to feathers.

This long and constant struggle for existence appears to have sharpened the wits of animals as well as of men in China. Every fisherman who had had any experience will testify that no fish are quite so wary as those found in Chinese waters, where every fish-catching device the mind of man can conceive of has been in use for centuries. The strings of fish displayed by the passing Chinese fisherman and the quantity of fish on sale in the markets show that the streams are well stocked, but the amateur fisherman rarely makes a catch he is willing to discuss with his friends. The professional Chinese fishermen are successful only because they use traps and nets the disciple of Isaak Walton would scorn.

China has the most complete system of water-borne traffic to be found in any country, a system consisting of hundreds, if not thousands, of individual units each of which is

self-supporting and undisturbed by outside influences. China is said to have more boats than all the rest of the world put together, and with the exception of a few provinces every part of the country is covered by a network of navigable streams. It is because of this that the recent destruction of Chinese railways is not by any means, such a serious matter as it would appear to be.

FIGURES showing the long hours put in by Chinese laborers horrify the reader, but not the local resident who sees the labor performed, for long hours of employment do not, by any means, imply long hours of toil. Carpenters building a house or a boat may start work at sunup and keep on hammering, sawing, and chiseling until dark. But in the meantime, if anything interesting should happen in the neighborhood, such as a dog fight or the visit of foreigners, everyone stops work to look and make comments. Any time a worker wants to pause for the leisurely enjoyment of a pipe or a cigarette, he feels at liberty to lay down his tools without asking anyone's permission.

During the seasons of rice-planting and rice harvest there is little time for a pipe or a cigarette and everyone is in the fields before sunrise and hard at work so long as it is light enough to see. But no one who has witnessed one of these seasons can think of them as representing arduous toil. They are joyous community parties to be lived to the utmost while they last and to be talked over for months afterwards. There are plenty of volunteers who work for the fun and excitement of communal effort, and this is doubtless as great an incentive to them as the huge bowls of steaming food which are always provided by the farmer at seasons of planting and harvest.

While the wages paid to Chinese laborers are low, Chinese efficiency as measured by production is also low. According to a Chinese authority a Chinese coal miner is only one-fourth as efficient as the British coal miner and one-twentieth as efficient as the American. This efficiency scale as measured by the production of coal is not entirely accurate, for physical conditions in the mines as well as the employment of machinery are factors of probably greater importance than the skill and strength of the work-



man. The very low wages paid the coal miners in China make it profitable to work thin seams which in other countries would be abandoned. A better comparison is to be found in the cotton industry. According to the same Chinese authority a Chinese-owned mill in Shanghai with 10,000 spindles will require from 550 to 600 operatives, while a Japanese mill of the same size and equipment requires only 350. In the weaving mills Chinese average two looms to the operator, Japanese mills five and a half.

With labor so cheap it hardly seems worth while to attempt any increased efficiency. The general rule in China, whether the operation be large or small, is that if you want things speeded up you should hire more workers. That system always succeeds and so creates a vicious circle. Because wages are low no one strives for efficiency, and because efficiency is low the wage scale remains low. This circle will probably be broken by China's more intimate contact with the Western world. In the meantime it explains a great many Chinese characteristics.

Chinese employees are not, as a rule, conscious of wages in the sense that we are. Peace, comfort, and security of employment mean much more to them than the actual wage they are paid. It is rare for a Chinese employee to resign because he has been offered a higher wage elsewhere, but not at all unusual for him to quit when he has no immediate prospect of other employment, merely because of some fancied slight or grievance. Among the mills of Shanghai there are many rather clumsily organized labor unions and during the past decade there have been a large number of strikes. But a surprisingly large proportion of these strikes have had nothing whatever to do with the matter of wages. Many of them have been called for what would appear to be the most inconsequential of reasons—such as the dismissal of a popular foreman or the refusal to allow smoking during working-hours.

All house cats in China are fed only twice a day. Their most gener-





ous meal is at breakfast, when they get all the fish scraps left over from the family supper, provided the cat is fortunate enough to belong to a prosperous family which eats fish for supper. This is followed by a rather meager meal at noon, but they get nothing after that, for it is very unlucky to feed a cat at night. This superstition is arrived at by the inverse process of reasoning that it would be very fortunate for the rats to feed a cat at night because with his belly full of food, the cat would have at best only a minor interest in catching rats.

There are a great many superstitions which are as sensible as the one decreeing that it is unlucky to feed a cat at night. For example, it is considered to be very unlucky to drink water. This is a superstition which is taken seriously by all country people. Chair coolies who are famishing with thirst will do no more than rinse their mouths from a well or a wayside stream, and drink nothing until they can get a pot of tea. This is one of the most sensible superstitions. Almost all surface water in China is heavily contaminated by dangerous germs and to drink it is risky. These germs are killed by boiling the water for tea, so that while fresh water is dangerous, tea is harmless.

THE contradictoriness of the Chinese character is seen in many things but is strikingly exemplified by the fact that they are at once the most narrowly provincial and the most broadly cosmopolitan of people. Their provincialism is firmly rooted in their love of the soil and especially the soil of their birthplace. A Cantonese who spends all his life in Shanghai never ceases to look on himself as an alien, one who is temporarily residing in a strange place and who hopes to return to his homeland as soon as good fortune makes this possible.

The exile may live in a Shanghai skyscraper with steam heat, hot and

cold running water, and all the other appurtenances of modern physical comfort, but he is never able to overcome his nostalgia for his native village, makes no attempt to overcome it, and cleaves to his love of home as the most precious of his spiritual possessions. If he is approaching death, he goes to his home to die, if it is at all possible.

If he dies abroad—even though it be in a distant foreign country—the body of a Chinese is usually shipped to his native place for burial. If he has left no funds the expenses will be met either by his family clan or his provincial guild or one of the numerous benevolent organizations which take care of the burial of the dead. These organizations are so numerous and so active that, despite her poverty, China has never had a potter's field. No matter how long they live or how far they travel, Chinese do not recover from their homesickness and custom does not allow death to sever the ties which bind them to their native place.

IT is easy among the ricksha-pullers to pick out the green country boy who is terrified by tramcars, buses, and motor-cars and looks at a traffic light as if he thought this red ball of fire might walk out of the signal tower and burn him to a cinder. For the first few days he is a menace to himself as well as to his fares. With pride in his strength he will take long strides and outrun all the more sophisticated pullers with but small regard for traffic rules and the dangers of a crowded street, for his experience has been restricted to narrow country paths.

But in a few weeks he learns his job, the air of the country bumpkin disappears, and in propelling a ricksha he adopts a sophisticated technique which will mean less work and more profits. He quits trying to establish a championship for speed and adjusts himself to short strides and a gait which he can maintain for a long period of time with the least effort to himself. He is not long dismayed by the peculiar merchandising problems which his business presents. He soon learns that men are more liberal than women in the payment of fares and less likely to insist on unreasonably long journeys. He unerringly spots the tourist, from whom he demands, and often gets, four or five times the legal fare. The

uniform of the American sailor or marine is of the greatest significance to him, for they cheerfully pay outrageously high fares, more particularly the sailors who are new to the port. If a group of them comes out of a bar the dozen ricksha coolies who have been awaiting this auspicious occasion pay no attention to any other possible fares until the sailors have selected their vehicles. In the social code of the ricksha coolie they take precedence over all others. British sailors rank next.

The ricksha coolie is generally looked on as a lowly beast of burden. I have known some high-minded tourists who would not ride in a ricksha because they would not be a party to the degradation of a fellow man. Aside from capitalizing on their own cheap and showy sentimentality, the only thing they accomplish is to deprive honest and hard-working coolies of a few urgently needed bowls of rice. The coolies themselves would be very much surprised to learn of this consideration, for they suffer no complexes regarding the degradation of honest labor.

Doubtless American taxi drivers look on themselves as vastly superior in every way to the coolie, but in the conduct of his business the latter is called upon to use more brains and initiative every day than are demanded from any New York taxi-cab driver in a month. With a very small amount of technical training, any Shanghai ricksha coolie would make a good taxi driver, but there are few taxi drivers who would make good ricksha coolies.

WHILE in a great many ways Chinese display a refinement and delicacy of taste equal or superior to that of many other people, this refinement cannot be said to extend to the matter of sound. They are in every way a noisy race and quiet in China is so rare and so hard to obtain that it is looked on as a luxury to be enjoyed only by the fortunate few.



So many faulty but highly interesting conclusions have been arrived at regarding the physical and mental characteristics of the Chinese that it is surprising no one has suggested the theory that they are, as a race, hard of hearing. This could be supported by a mass of circumstantial and convincing evidence that could be gathered quite easily.

If one office employee finds it necessary to consult another employee on the other side of the room, he does not leave his seat. Shouting is much easier than walking and takes less time. In no place in the world are microphones or office telephone systems less necessary than in China. Children shout their lessons in school, and some foreign observers say that this not only permanently injures their vocal cords but establishes habits which follow them through life. Whether or not Chinese are able to whisper intelligibly to each other I do not know, but I am sure that they seldom attempt it. If two of them have a confidence to impart to each other they travel to some distant and secluded spot or, with the right forefinger they indicate meaningful words on the open left palm. Among my Chinese neighbors were two brothers who lived in an adjoining house and who kept very late hours. It was not at all unusual to hear them at three o'clock in the morning carrying on an intimate conversation in voices which could be heard all over the block.

The idea that anyone should wish to dine in quiet is exceedingly strange to Chinese minds, and one of the few places that is noisier than a Chinese theater is a restaurant. Everyone, guests and servants alike, contributes to the din. The cook bangs pots and pans on the stove; the boys who set the table and serve the food rattle the chinaware and the cutlery, and the guests shout at each other and roar with laughter. When the order for the meal is given it is relayed vocally from one servant to another and so finally reaches the cook two or more floors below.

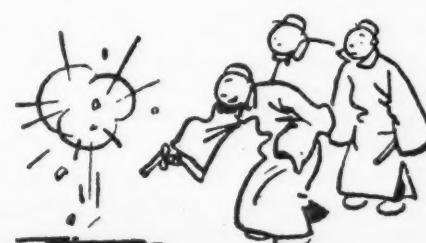
The old-fashioned restaurant of foreign lands, with thick carpets, shaded lights, and low-spoken waiters would strike the unsophisticated Chinese as a particularly ghastly place in which to dine. The popping of champagne corks would not, for him, relieve the dead monotony of comparative silence. Even in Chinese private homes a dinner is a

rather noisy affair. Meals are always served at round tables so that the conversation is not confined to those seated on the right or the left. Any one can talk to anyone else at the table, and usually does.

Chinese have no conception of the term "quiet efficiency." Indeed, the two words would appear to be entirely contradictory in the Chinese mind. Nothing can be accomplished without noise, and the greater the noise the greater the efficiency, or vice versa. Except in places like Shanghai, where foreigners make a fuss about such things, no wheelbarrow in China is ever greased. Wooden axle impinges on wooden hub with unearthly screeches which drive a nervous person frantic. Aside from a certain rhythmic repetition of the sounds the effect is that of a rather tired pig caught under a gate. Visitors who seek to learn the cause of things assume a number of reasons, the most common being that the wheelbarrow coolie is poor and does not want to spend any money on the precious oil. The simple truth of the matter is that he prefers squeaky wheelbarrows. The noise gives him a sense of accomplishment he cannot otherwise enjoy.

Every occasion in China is celebrated by noise. Each morning it takes millions of firecrackers to get the day started off under proper auspices, and at China New Year's and on other festivals the number of firecrackers exploded runs into the thousands of millions.

WHILE the Chinese in their normal intercourse with each other observe the greatest courtesy, they go to the other extreme once the restraints of polite behavior are thrown aside. Then the foulness of the language, the depth of the insults hurled back and forth can find few parallels in any other language. A couple of women who have had a disagreement over some trivial matter will entertain the neighborhood for hours with the picturesque but



unprintable phrases that they fling at each other. Each accuses the other of every moral depravity which comes to mind, and the category contains many lurid items. Having exhausted a discussion of each other's iniquities and personal habits, they then take up a consideration of relatives, who are befooled in every imaginable way. This often continues until one or both are physically exhausted.

This use of foul language is not confined to the lower classes, but extends to all. The courtly and highly educated scholar who is famous for his dainty sonnets will in a moment of anger use, with obvious familiarity, words and phrases of shocking filthiness. One cannot imagine Whittier or Longfellow using the language of pimps and prostitutes, but the scholarly gentleman of China will descend to those depths as often as he loses his temper.

About seventy years ago an American missionary made a collection of curses which were in daily use in Foochow. To express the earnest hope that one's adversary would die of small-pox or cholera was one of the mildest and least shocking. Among the others collected by the missionary were the following:

May you be cut in pieces and be fried in boiling oil!
May your tongue be cut out!
May all your children die!
May the crows pick out your eyes!
May your corpse be eaten by dogs!
May your whole family be jammed into one coffin!

May your family be too poor to bury you and throw your corpse to the hogs!

It is a very fortunate thing that few foreigners living in China know the language well enough to understand when they are being insulted, for the smiling ricksha coolie, the urbane houseboy, the accommodating shop assistant, will all refer to the foreigner in the latter's presence in terms that are unprintable, secure in the knowledge that the foreigner does not understand.

THE callousness of Chinese and their apparent lack of sympathy with human suffering have been commented on by practically every foreigner who has ever visited the country, with a varying degree of reproof ranging from mild criticism to outspoken horror.

(Continued on page 61)

Moses: Idealist in Action

Robert Moses, New York's famous city planner, has worked with equal success for utility and beauty

JAMES MILLER

PEOPLE used to be surprised at everything Robert Moses did. Now they are surprised at nothing. A sort of municipal Aladdin, he has sprung beauty from squalor, turned dust into gems so often that he has conditioned people to wonders and made them expect even more.

Mr. Moses is making civic history today, not by a sensational disregard for his fellow-citizens but by a sensational respect for them and their comfort. He has chosen New York City and its companion area, Long Island, for a program of topographical face-lifting and body-building unequalled in any other part of the country. He is realizing his program through his ability to handle six men's work on as many full-time jobs. He is, at this moment, Commissioner of Parks for New York City, Chairman of the New York State Council of Parks, President of the Long Island State Park Commission, Chairman of the Triborough Bridge Authority, sole member of the New York City Parkway Authority and President of the Jones Beach State Parkway Authority. This past spring he found time to lecture at Harvard.

In his multiple capacities he has had complete control over the spending of more than a half billion dollars. The results have kept road-map-makers busy: a dozen swift, safe and beautiful highways, including Manhattan's West Side Express Highway; unparalleled Jones Beach; the Triborough and Bronx-Whitestone bridges; Flushing Meadow, site of the World's Fair—not to mention a reconditioned Central Park, ten swimming pools at a million dollars each and three hundred playgrounds.

These projects find their echoes in places far outside New York. Perhaps the most conspicuous out-of-New York tribute to Mr. Moses is Connecticut's splendid new Merritt Parkway, which is really an extension of his own Hutchinson River



Robert Moses

Parkway through Westchester County in New York State. From cities all over the country and from abroad the Commissioner finds mail on his several desks asking how the things he has done can be duplicated.

In view of his influence and accomplishments it is not hard to swallow the salute Moses got last year when named for the Roosevelt (Theodore) Medal for distinguished service in public office; "a touch of the humanity of Jacob Riis, the constructive genius of General Goethals, and the grandiosity of Louis XIV."

There are reasons for Moses' spectacular success. He not only knows what he wants to do; he is always equipped with enough dynamite to remove the obstructions that keep him from doing it. The long restless figure, the sharp eyes and stubborn mouth, the wagging finger and stinging voice—all strengthened by facts and passionate conviction—have shattered the opposition of presidents, governors, legislators, mayors, millionaires, judges and plain stuffed shirts. His raging impatience has

been felt alike by the Long Island gentry who complained that his parkways came too close to their estates and by the squatters of a shantytown who were in the way of his West Side Highway in Manhattan. Recently, when the War Department rejected his plans for a bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan's downtown tip, he released a crackling indictment of Secretary Woodring's decision and called it foul play on the part of the Administration. Mr. Moses and the Administration have long been scowling at each other.

Never at rest, Mr. Moses is currently coming to grips with Coney Island, a place that, he feels, has been begging for attention many years. Late in 1937 he submitted to Mayor LaGuardia a detailed plan for cleaning up and rebuilding Coney. The plan was worth just \$5,350,000, which the city didn't want to spend at the time, but three months ago the Mayor revived the subject and Mr. Moses promptly brought his plans up to date. Recently, when asked if this gaudy pleasure resort was likely to be invaded soon, he said with a grin, "I hope so."

Not long ago, uneasy before the gathering of the Moses thunderbolt, a young lady wrote to *The New York Post* to protest against this projected improvement of Coney Island. "Isn't Mr. Moses ever satisfied?" she asked. The answer, of course, is, "Never."

HERE is little in his background to account for this. Robert Moses was raised in comfort. His Spanish-Jewish father, Emanuel Moses, operated a profitable department store in New Haven, Conn., where Robert was born fifty-one years ago. His mother, the daughter of a New York merchant, had time for social service work. In 1905, after a few years at a military academy which he disliked, Moses entered Yale, where he made the swimming team and Phi Beta

Kappa, won honors in Latin, mathematics and public speaking. It was here that his militant righteousness was first exercised to effect. With trenchant articles in *The Yale Courant*, he convinced the trustees that part of the \$120,000 football surplus should be squeezed from its reluctant custodians and devoted to the beggaring minor sports.

Graduating from Yale with a B.A., Moses went to Wadham College, Oxford, to study government law. There he became the first American president of the Oxford Union, in which his prowess as a debater garnered him an offer of a job as Secretary to the Khedive of Egypt. He resisted the offer and came home for his Ph.D. at Columbia.

Moses' first job was with the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, a sincere but ineffectual opponent of political corruption. He resigned to start working under the anti-Tammany Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel. Not, however, before he had married Mary Louise Sims, ex-secretary of F. E. McGovern, reform Governor of Wisconsin. During the War, at Hog Island, Moses bore the resounding title, Superintendent of Production and Assistant to the Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corps. There was no production to superintend. Moses muttered his disapproval, was shifted

to a softer—presumably sedative—job, and resigned in disgust.

In 1918 he met Governor-elect Al Smith. They liked each other, and when Smith was inaugurated he made Moses Chief of Staff of the Reconstruction Commission whose purpose was to revamp the State constitution for greater efficiency. Moses' subsequent report was the basis for many of Smith's reforms, and for several years thereafter he was a trusted member of the governor's famed Kitchen Cabinet.

EVEN then he was interested in parks, and in 1922 he wrote a pamphlet, "The State Park Plan for New York." Smith was impressed, made him Chairman of the State Council of Parks and President of the Long Island State Park Commission. The State Council was organized with eleven districts (one of which was headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt) and immediately set in motion a sweeping program of park building throughout the State. Moses bared his fangs early, when he called before the council a man who was said to have revealed the program to some of its foes. Moses accused him in fierce language and when he countered with an insult Moses roared and grabbed him by the throat. It

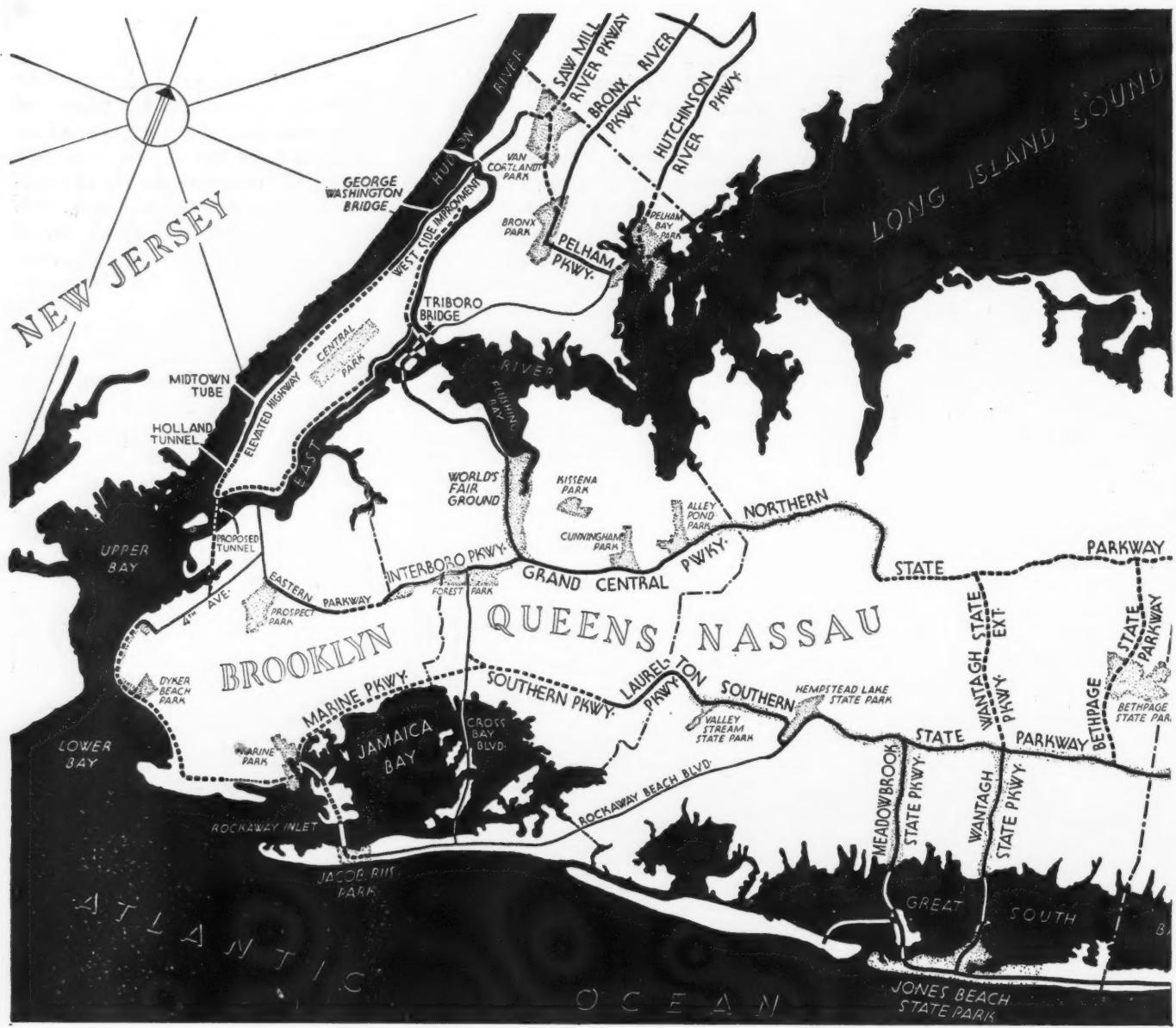
was a hint of the tactics awaiting all adversaries.

Upstate Moses launched the Niagara Frontier Program and the New Parkway System on the shore of Lake Ontario, but he had special designs on Long Island, which he saw as a natural playground for the people of metropolitan New York. The island, 122 miles from tip to tip, 15 to 20 miles wide, had only one state park. Its indifferent roads were under the control of the Poughkeepsie division of the Highways Department, many miles away. The inhabitants were mostly old farming families or well-to-do families from New York, and both groups had a horrible fear of encroachment.

But Moses was determined that New Yorkers should have decent beaches and parks and good roads on which to reach them. He began to map the Island, and didn't worry particularly if his pencil sometimes went right into the eye of a hostile landowner. He had no technical right to make roads, so he called them parkways. When he asked landowners for a right of way and they complained that he was exposing their acres to the masses, he called them "mushroom aristocracy" and blandly asked for more. When one indignant squire pointed out that a projected parkway would cause hounds to lose a



Jones Beach on the south shore of Long Island has won for itself and Mr. Moses international reputation. Of six parking fields here you see two, totaling 78 acres, with space enough for 15,500 cars. Beyond the 300,000 gallon water tower is a large play area—and then the wide, clean beach.



Courtesy of The Architectural Forum

This is what Mr. Moses has done to open up New York's metropolitan districts. The dotted lines show the route of the great Circumferential Drive, which, when completed, will surround a vast network of connecting highways. Since this map was drawn the Whitestone Bridge has been finished. It crosses from the Bronx at the final R in the words East River.

fox's scent, Moses promised to build a little tunnel for them. When objections became more formidable and Moses felt the legal and political fire, he turned ugly. He publicly declared that these people "found it hard to believe that there is anybody whom they cannot reach and anything which they cannot buy." Knowing something about law and politics, he ruthlessly returned the fire, and finally got what he wanted.

The time came when objectors blushed for shame and, in some instances, asked Mr. Moses if he would be good enough to run one of those parkways past their property. For it turned out that a Moses parkway was a thing of beauty. It might be

anywhere from five to thirty-five miles long, and from three hundred to six hundred feet wide with double or triple one-way lanes. A green boulevard ran down the center and both sides were landscaped with lawns, shrubbery, big trees and solid rustic fences. There were handsome stone overpasses every few miles, and the occasional gas stations had the air of country lodges. Telephone lines ran underground. There were no billboards, hotdog stands, traffic lights, left turns or grade crossings. Landowners learned that these parkways, costing about \$400,000 per mile, were an asset to any community.

But the victory Mr. Moses won for his parkways on Long Island did not

end his troubles there. One of his first projects was conceived in 1924 when he spotted on Long Island's south shore a 1500-acre wooded plot which had been leased as a private hunting preserve to a handful of gentlemen who enjoyed it briefly each year. Moses leased it for a year with an option to buy for \$250,000. When the owners, suspicious of his schemes, sold it out from under him, he moved onto the land, declaring it State property. That was the beginning of six years of litigation. One of the owners' more abortive moves was to send delegates to Governor Smith; Moses' plan, they argued, would bring the rabble to Long Island's beaches.

(Continued on page 52)

Hungarian Goose-Step

Internal and external pressure may soon force Hungary to follow Austria into the Nazi orbit

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

November, 1919:

The Bolshevik Bela Kun had just fled Budapest in terror of his life, and was hiding in a Vienna cellar. The air of the Hungarian capital, astride both banks of the Danube, was electric with anticipation and uncertainty. The Rumanian army of occupation was retiring from the city, although stragglers were still in the outskirts seizing what they could lay hands on. The city was exposed to plunderers.

Into this turmoil, at the head of a few loyalist national troops, there rode an impressive figure on a white charger. He was Admiral Nicholas Horthy, one-time naval aide-de-camp to the dead Emperor Francis-Joseph. A roar arose from the Danube banks, now black with the packed ranks of a war-weary people, as Horthy made his way deeper into the old Balkan city.

Ruthlessly he went after the remaining agitators, executing them in droves. Order was restored, with Horthy, then serving as commander-in-chief of the decimated Hungarian forces, as absolute dictator for the period of emergency.

In a few weeks Nicholas Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of that historic entry. It was on November 16, 1919, that Admiral Horthy rode into Budapest. His dramatic appearance marked complete seizure by the "White Guard" of the Bolsheviks' power.

Today, however, Hungary is making no preparations to celebrate this anniversary, despite the Hungarians' traditional love of festivals and the fact that hitherto all the meaningful dates of the Horthy regime, as well as his birthday, have been annually commemorated. Two or three months ago preparations for a suitable celebration in November were discussed in the newspapers. But today officials adroitly avoid answering the ques-



Admiral Nicholas Horthy

tion of whether or not there will be any celebration.

Is it because they fear that the Hungarian public has become so Nazified that they would not enter into the celebration? The answer, is "no." To all appearances, the regent never, during the twenty years of his rule, has been more popular. Wherever his name is spoken there is spontaneous cheering. Most Hungarians believe that if there is any way of avoiding further German political invasion, it lies only in the Regent's personal efforts.

Horthy's present resistance springs not only from patriotism and a natural desire to keep his post, but from scorn for Hitler. It is the scorn that an Admiral feels for an upstart corporal, and Horthy's pride in his military rank is probably greater than his pride in his leadership of the government.

Nevertheless, well-informed circles in Budapest doubt the continued success of Horthy's resistance against German pressure. Officials wonder whether, before the twentieth anniversary of Horthy's seizure of pow-

er, they will be ordered to prepare for another kind of "celebration." College students—nobody knows under whose direction—stand on the street corners of Budapest and distribute leaflets. These show Horthy on his white horse in front of the Royal Palace, with the date November 16, 1919. On the other side is a drawing of Hitler, also on a white horse, also in front of the Royal Palace of Budapest, with the date November 16, 1939. And a question mark. There is this text: "Is this the way you want to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the rebirth of Hungary? So does the Crossed Arrow" (the symbol of the Hungarian Nazi-party).

Despite all this activity, anti-Nazi sentiment in Hungary grows hour by hour as people increasingly realize that Germany's *Drang nach Osten* means an end of Hungary's independence. And it is becoming obvious to them that, because of her geographical position, Hungary will be the next major victim of German expansion. The nation does not enjoy, as do Poland, Rumania and Turkey, England's military guarantee, and there are certain intelligent groups of Hungarians who believe that Hungary will be absorbed before Danzig. Even the democratic nations realize that many Hungarians would welcome Hitler.

The reverse, however, is the case. The truth is that the Hungarians are determined to fight for their independence. The catch lies in the fact that it is not certain that they will be allowed to fight. For the present government is much afraid of any "provocative incident" that might bring down Hitler's hordes. The government, as it is, has to sit helplessly by and watch the dissemination of Nazi propaganda. To halt it would provoke an "incident"—and, in the well known Nazi manner, that probably would mean a "protectorate" followed by absorption into the Reich.

According to official statistics, there are 478,630 Germans in Hungary, or less than one twentieth of the total population. This number does not include the Germans living in the territory Hungary recently regained from Czechoslovakia; the addition of their number would not bring the total number of Germans in Hungary to more than 500,000. Nevertheless, this 5 per cent of the population gives Hitler a ready pretext for "creating order" among the Hungarians, who want nothing so much as to be let alone.

The majority of the "Svabs," as the Germans resident in Hungary are called, came to Hungary at the end of the 18th century as a result of the Habsburg settlement policy. Today they live in scattered village groups in the western part of the country and around Budapest. They speak a corrupt German, wear their own particular dress, and have always lived in perfect harmony with the Hungarian peasants despite the Nazi fiction that they are an oppressed minority. They have never desired autonomy, now demanded for them energetically by Nazi agents. In the past the Svabs' only problem was to sell their milk and eggs; now these agents insist the Svabs have an ideological and racial problem.

These German agents and the followers they have won await eagerly the moment of German occupation. They conduct themselves today as masters of the situation; they are the nation's noisiest minority. A few influential government officials, under these agents' domination, were sufficient to infect a great number of lesser state officials. Nearly every week these converts go to Germany and return with new instructions and funds. Although at first they tried to keep secret their pro-Nazi sentiments, they now feel so sure of themselves that their meetings are held openly. And while the first Hungarian National Socialist, Ferenc Szalasi, rests in jail because of his "revolutionary dealings," his followers carry out his orders without fear of molestation.

There are "official" and "unofficial" Nazis in Hungary. The "official" Nazis are the followers of Szalasi, now led by a young newspaperman, Kalman Hubay. Their newspaper, the *Magyarsag*, is often banned for long or short periods because of its inflammatory articles. But such punishment is not taken seriously, be-

cause the government newspapers often publish somewhat similar articles. At times, in fact, it is difficult to discover any marked difference in tone between the government and the Nazi press. While the majority of Count Paul Teleki's government is ardently anti-Nazi, the pro-Nazi minority with Germany's support has intimidated most of the cabinet.

IN Hungary there are three social classes—the aristocracy form the upper class; the landed "gentry," big industrialists and bankers form the middle class, and the peasants the lower class. The aristocrats, with the Catholic Church, own one-third of the land.

Post-war Hungary has a total area of 16,148,314 acres. Of this, 5,383,482 acres belong to only 1,130 land owners. And of this area, 800,000 acres are owned by the Church. (In pre-war Hungary, the Church held title to 2,200,000 acres.)

The oldest and wealthiest among the aristocrats are the members of the Esterhazy and Festetich families. The family of Prince Esterhazy, losing a large part of their land after the War, today possesses 222,241 acres, in which there are 100 villages. The Festetich family owns 100,000 acres.

The aristocrats are highly self-contained, and marry only in their own class. They travel abroad much, so that absentee-ownership prevails in great degree. In their attitude toward social problems, they have not changed in three hundred years.

The middle class is formed by the

smaller land-owners, many of whom after the War came to the capital and other urban centers to enter business. They form the real body of the nation. They are patriotic, conservative. With the aristocrats they hate Nazism, but with few exceptions they join the nobility in regarding the peasants as so much cattle. Although Hungary is an agricultural country, the peasant has never received decent treatment. The land-owners could not accomplish anything without him, but his situation today is no less unjust than it was in the Middle Ages.

A SMALL number of the peasants own their own little acreage which enables them to gain a modest living. But the peasant majority, of three million, which forms one-third of the total population, is in desperate condition. The wages they receive from the land-owners are hardly sufficient to buy their bread. There are tens of thousands of peasants, thirty years of age, who have never tasted meat nor sugar. Neglected by everyone, they are the strongest hope of the Nazi propagandists. Nazi agents have glibly promised to give them all lands of the aristocracy, if they accept the Fuehrer's doctrines and work toward his objectives.

The middle class, which includes many industrialists, bankers and small business men, numbers many Jews, since the aristocracy frankly loathes all commerce. Under the Jews, business and banking may be said to flourish. But the recent anti-Jewish laws forbid Jews to hold any prominent position in any walk of life. This means that the economic fabric must be changed. And the change must be effected so rapidly that both Jews and "Aryans" will suffer in the inevitable dislocation. There are 600,000 Jews in Hungary, a few more than the number of Germans. The new laws restrict Jewish participation in business and in all the professions to just that percentage of the whole.

A few anti-Nazi meetings in Budapest asked for nothing more than an independent and Hungarian Hungary. But even this normal demonstration evoked a vigorous protest from Odo von Erdmansdorf, the German Ambassador, and obliged Hungarian Foreign Minister Stephen Csaky to make apologies.

(Continued on page 64)



Problem Child of the Pacific

High Commissioner Sayre will attempt to determine whether Philippine freedom means Japanese control

ROBERT J. WOOD

WE STUMBLED into possession of the Philippines nearly forty years ago. Today we stand committed to give them independence in 1946. Yet, even as we do so, there comes a persistent cry for reconsideration. Should we not at least keep the Philippines within our economic sphere? Should we not consider their value as a source of strategic materials? Must we, looking into the future, envision the possibility that some day we may have to recover them from the Japanese?

The Philippine problem is of course bound up with American Far Eastern policy which has been recently complicated by the abrogation of the 1911 Commercial treaty with Japan. Until we settle the one, there is little likelihood that we can settle the other. As long as the President desires to throw his moral weight about in the western Pacific, we must be able and ready to support his words with that ultimate force which may become necessary. Yet, Congress has refused to fortify Guam and looks with little favor on the maintenance of our Asiatic Squadron in Chinese waters. The Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of Manchukuo is still followed by Mr. Hull, but we make no move to deny Japan Hainan Island or the Spratleys, surely both greater threats to our position off southeastern China.

So, the Philippine problem remains unsettled, and we waver between getting in deeper and getting out altogether. In this stage of militant nationalism we are still unable to make up our minds whether to be isolationists or internationalists.

While many nations rend the air with cries for colonies, for sources of raw materials, we are about to wash our hands of islands superbly endowed with natural wealth. We do so despite obvious warnings that democracy may not long exist in an independent Philippines. It would seem that, while our statesmen bemoan the fate

of ancient and honored China, we abandon Little Red Riding Hood on the wolf's doorstep, a basket of nuggets—gold, chromium, manganese, iron and coal—in her lap, and in her hand a pop-gun labeled "constitution"!

FEW remember exactly how we obtained the Philippines. Many will remember that we declared war on Spain ostensibly to better "intolerable" conditions in Cuba, but fewer will recall the fact that the first battle of the war was fought in Manila Bay—11,000 miles from Cuba—and against a fleet too weak ever to have threatened our shores.

The treaty of Paris gave us the Philippines in return for twenty million dollars heart balm to Spain. But the Filipinos would have none of this settlement, and during the next two years more than one hundred thousand American soldiers chased Aguinaldo through brush and thicket, singing as they went:

*"Damn, damn, damn, the Filipino,
Pock-marked khakiac Ladrone,
Underneath the starry flag,
Civilize him with a Krag,
And return us to our own
beloved home!"*

After two years of fighting Aguinaldo was captured and the Insurrection suppressed. Meantime, the question of what to do with our newfound possession stirred long and sonorous debate. Humanitarians proclaimed our "duty" to the Filipinos, our "destiny" to educate them, our responsibility to assume the "White Man's Burden," though Kipling warned:

*"And reap his old reward,
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard!"*

Some were frankly for imperialism. Other nations were marking off spheres of interest in the Far East.

Why should we not exploit the Philippines? Why not build up our trade across the Pacific? It was argued that, even as the Mediterranean and the Atlantic had had their days, so would the Pacific be the next area of development and conflict. Westward the course of empire still took its way.

Eventually, Congress decided on retaining the Islands as a possession, and the Supreme Court, in the famous Insular Cases of 1901, held that they were a dependency, and the people thereof subjects, not citizens, of the United States.

THE withdrawal of our troops marked the beginning of a peaceful administration. The jovial William H. Taft became the first Civil Governor of the Philippines, and was well-liked by the Filipinos for his frankness and informality. His three hundred pounds on the back of an undersized native pony made a picture to recall to grandchildren.

Almost immediately began the contradictory political and economic policies which had much to do with making the Filipinos our problem children and rendering our withdrawal difficult.

From the political viewpoint, we attempted to erect democratic institutions on the American model. Hundreds of teachers were sent out to start schools. As soon as possible a wide suffrage was established, officials were elected instead of being appointed, and a uniform civil service was instituted.

In 1907 the Philippine Assembly was created and became the lower house of the Legislature, the upper house of which was the appointed Commission of four Americans and three Filipinos which had ruled since 1901. Six years later the Jones Act was passed by Congress, definitely promising independence as soon as the Filipinos were ready for it and

replacing the Commission with an elected Senate. This gave the natives almost complete control of their internal affairs.

At the same time, there arrived in Manila Francis B. Harrison, the first Governor-General under a Democratic administration. He went even further, giving the Filipinos such a large share in running the government that an investigating commission discovered that political immaturity had done its work.

There had occurred a lowering of standards in the courts, a steady increase in the number of preventable diseases, an undue rise in the cost of public works and in taxation and expenditure. Government corporations created by Mr. Harrison were all in the red, the government-owned Manila Railroad had issued eighty thousand free passes in one year, the gold reserve of the Philippine Bank had disappeared, and the currency had depreciated.

This discouraging chapter in American colonial administration was cleaned up by Major General Leonard Wood of the United States Army, whose brusque and military methods necessarily angered native politicos who had had full access to the pork barrel under Harrison. However, things were put on a business footing again, the form of government remained essentially unchanged, and succeeding Governors-General continued the policy of teaching the Filipinos to stand alone politically. Independence missions were sent to the United States to argue for "absolute, complete and immediate" independence, but this demand was chiefly for internal consumption.

Strangely enough, during this period when we were promising eventual independence and doing our best to inculcate the fundamentals of democratic self-government, we were following a diametrically opposite trend from the economic standpoint. In-

stead of gradually separating the Philippine economy from our own, we made it directly dependent on that of the United States. We took the Philippines within our tariff walls; in 1913 we granted absolute free trade; we bought nearly everything they had to sell; we raised a whole generation of Filipinos whose jobs depended on the economic policies of the United States.

Consider Philippine export and import totals over the past thirty-eight years and our share of those exports and imports:

PHILIPPINE EXPORTS

Year	Total	to United States	%
1900	\$ 22,990,373	\$ 2,960,851	13
1905	33,454,774	14,840,407	44
1915	53,813,004	23,653,211	44
1920	151,123,856	105,216,263	70
1930	133,167,128	105,342,061	79
1936	147,675,159	118,752,432	80
1938	147,001,530	120,651,247	82

McNutt Reviews the Philippines

—Condensed from an address delivered before the Institute of Public Affairs, University of Virginia.

TODAY the Philippines are the only bright, prosperous spot in the Orient. Their people enjoy the highest wages and best standard of living in the Far East. The deadly tropical diseases—smallpox, cholera, bubonic plague—which long decimated the population—have been wiped out. Thousands of miles of good highways are maintained. Bridges have replaced bamboo rafts. The budget is balanced. Taxes are the lowest in the world. The reserve behind the currency is 100%. The per capita national debt is less than \$2.00. Schools and hospitals dot the jungle and plain. Our work is a monument to American idealism and enterprise—a living monument of 16,000,000 rescued from tyranny, rebellion, ignorance, poverty and disease, and set upon the path of free government, peace, education, prosperity and health.

No nation in the world can boast of so grand a monument.

But a problem has arisen, one which we alone can solve. Politically we brought the Islands through progressive steps to the verge of independence. Economically we brought the Islands through progressive steps to al-



most complete dependence upon our markets.

The Philippines have come to the crossing of the roads. The events of the last two years have given many thoughtful Filipino leaders an object lesson and food for thought. Perhaps, suddenly, but they hope not too late, many have come to realize that independence, however attractive from a spiritual viewpoint may mean a mere trade of sovereignties. They realize that the laws—United States laws—excluding Asiatic immigration could scarcely be enforced by an independent small nation in their quarter of the

globe. The Philippines are sparsely populated and they are surrounded with nations whose teeming millions are spilling over their national boundaries. An independent Philippine government thus faces a very real threat of racial extinction. Add to this the question of its ability to defend itself from foreign military aggression and the economic disaster attendant upon sudden loss of the American market and you have the picture.

From the American viewpoint the picture is equally gloomy. If we withdraw from the Philippines, we lose our voice in Oriental diplomacy. We leave a barrier reef of Islands from Kamchatka to Borneo—all practically within sight of each other—a barrier which will intervene between the United States and the Continent of Asia. In foreign hands, this barrier will block our trade and intercourse with China. It will solve the claims of freedom of the seas and freedom of the air—solve them unfavorably to us and to our children.

To us there comes a responsibility. It appears now in respect to the Philippine problem broadened to become a part of a greater Oriental problem. If we scuttle, if we run away, our monument will

(Continued on page 55)

Secretary Hull's Departing Right-Hand Man

A FEW weeks ago, Francis B. Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State and son-in-law of President Wilson, was made Philippine High Commissioner to succeed Paul V. McNutt, now Federal Security Administrator.

The appointment, emphasizing the fact that the Philippine problem is basically economic, shows the determination of the Administration to solve it from that angle. A career diplomat, Mr. Sayre has specialized in trade relations and has been Secretary Hull's trusted right-hand man in the making of our recent reciprocal trade treaties. He has also served as Chairman of the Joint Preparatory Committee on Philippine Affairs which last November turned in the most complete report ever made on the Islands. Mr. Sayre's interest in the Far East was stimulated in 1923 when he became special advisor on foreign affairs to King Rama VI of Siam.

Resident Commissioners and Special Missions from the Philippine Islands have long known Mr. Sayre as an interested and helpful friend. His part in writing the Philippine Independence Law of 1934 (the Tydings-McDuffie Act), is believed to be large.



He takes with him to Manila a new bill, amending the Tydings-McDuffie Law, which Congress passed just before adjournment. It replaces increasing export taxes which were scheduled to become effective in 1940 on such Philippine products as coconut oil, cigars, and pearl and shell buttons by liberal, though decreasing, duty-free quotas. It is thoroughly in line with the recommendations of the Joint Committee, but is only a hesitant first step toward the solution of the problem of Philip-

pine-American relations. Though it leaves untouched the important sugar problem, in the industries concerned it will help to cushion the shock of severing economic ties between the Islands and the United States. Furthermore, since it requires action by the Philippine Legislature before it becomes effective, its reception in Manila will serve as a guide for future legislation in Washington.

Mr. Sayre is open-minded in his attitude towards Philippine independence. While his predecessor, Mr. McNutt, was frank to say that the Islands should be retained, at least as a dominion, the new High Commissioner told the press a few days after his appointment that the future of the Philippines was entirely up to their government. This, of course, is not to be taken too literally. Our government will retain the last say, and world conditions may have as much to do with the outcome as any desire on the part of the Filipino people. However, Mr. Sayre's attitude does emphasize what he believes should be the *source* of any contemplated changes. His appointment may well mark a new high in Philippine-American relationships.

PHILIPPINE IMPORTS

Year	Total	to United States	U.S. %
1900	\$ 24,863,779	\$ 2,153,198	9
1905	30,050,550	5,589,946	19
1915	49,312,184	26,381,069	53
1920	149,438,283	92,289,778	62
1930	123,092,954	78,188,029	64
1936	101,126,175	61,497,263	61
1938	132,607,547	90,357,229	68

These tables show that the bulk of Philippine trade is with the United States. They show, too, that the balance of trade with the United States usually has been a favorable one for the Islanders. Since Philippine trade with all other countries has generally been unfavorable, the favorable balance in the Philippines' total is traceable entirely to the favorable balance with the United States.

These tables show that America is the basket in which the Philippines annually place many of their export eggs, but do not show what kind of eggs. The five principal exports of the Islands, which together account for the almost incredible total of 84%

of all Filipino exports, are: sugar, 35%; coconut products, 26%; hemp products, 12%; gold bullion, 8%; tobacco products, 3%.

Last year, the United States bought 99.8% of all Philippine sugar exported, 95% of coconut products exported, 32% of hemp (abaca) products exported, 100% of gold bullion exported, and 66% of tobacco products (mostly cheap cigars) exported. Not only is Philippine economy dependent upon the United States as the Islands' largest customer, but it is also dependent upon very few industries.

Now what do the Filipinos mean to us as customers?

In 1938, the Islands purchased just over ninety million dollars' worth of our goods—iron and steel manufactures, machinery, cigarettes, chemicals, textiles, dairy products, and wheat flour. They were tenth on our list of customers. The United States' total sales in 1938 were about two billion dollars. Philippine purchases,

therefore, represent about 4% of our total sales. Our sales to Canada were more than six times as large, to Japan more than three times as large.

It should be obvious, then, that the loss of the Philippine market to the United States cannot compare with the loss of the American market to the Filipinos.

So, the Philippines today face independence with a certain amount of knowledge as to the functions of government, but an almost child-like faith, or ignorance, regarding economic problems. Even in the political field, the Filipino's knowledge is more theoretical than real. He has always had an indulgent guardian to lead him and forgive him when he has gone astray.

The independence law was passed by Congress in 1934.

Even though Philippine leaders had agitated for years for the law, there are indications that, when it finally came, it came as an unpleasant surprise. Its enactment may be traced more directly to the lobbying of meat, sugar, farming, and dairying

interests of our mid-west and south than to Philippine demands. It was thought, during the depression, that Philippine products were competing too strongly on the American market. Perhaps they did offer some competition, particularly coconut oil with cottonseed oil and butter, but, in general, the feeling was based more on emotion than on facts.

Most of our coconut oil imports go into soap, and the soap makers themselves declare that cottonseed oil cannot be used for sweet-smelling soaps. The dairymen have a better argument, though not much of the coconut oil we import goes into oleomargarine (which competes with butter), or into vegetable shortenings (which compete with animal fats).

As for tobacco, the Islands use more of our cigarettes and expensive cigars than we do of their cheap cigars. And as for Philippine hemp, it is still the best in the world and sells tax free everywhere.

THE independence law passed by Congress in 1934 provides for a ten-year period under a "Commonwealth" government, headed by a Filipino President and Legislature. The United States is represented by a High Commissioner who passes on foreign relations and finances. This transition period began November 15, 1935, and will terminate July 4, 1946. On that date, our little brown brothers are scheduled to be cast adrift to shift for themselves on the troubled seas of international power politics.

The outlook is anything but bright. First, the Islands must solve the problem of readjusting their basic economy. By securing new foreign markets? That is easier said than done. The rest of the world is already well supplied with sugar, for example, and the Far Eastern peoples eat relatively little—less than ten pounds per capita per year compared to our 110 pounds per capita per year. Japan already grows all she needs in Formosa and even exports some. Java and Cuba supply most of the remaining world market.

How about Philippine coconut products? Can they be sold elsewhere than in the United States? The British and Dutch East Indies are established sources for these products, which they produce at a cost with which Philippine products would not be able to compete. It must be remembered that we have taught the Fili-

pinos to enjoy the highest standard of living of any Far Eastern people.

Manila hemp is declining in use because of the competition of wire rope, and new uses must be found for it. Gold bullion, of course, will continue to sell, but this industry does not offer employment to the great numbers of Filipinos now working the sugar fields.

is about 2½ pounds.) Coconut oil dropped from about 13 cents to about 6 cents, and copra (coconut meat) from about 7 cents to about 4 cents. Apparently, then, the attempt to secure new markets for old products offers little hope of success.

What is the case for diversification? Undoubtedly the Philippines can produce tropical products which

PHILIPPINE ORE EXPORTS

	1936	1937	1938
Iron Ore			
Total	\$1,434,214	\$1,434,039	\$2,040,322
To Japan	1,434,199	1,318,251	2,040,127
Manganese Ore			
Total	3,010	168,858	499,593
To Japan	10	128,328	492,902
Copper Ore			
Total	852	328,226	641,651
To Japan	3	328,106	641,621

As for tobacco products, the world market is already well supplied with cheap cigars, and the Philippines are too tropical to grow better grades of tobacco.

The Filipinos made efforts during the past year to secure new markets by cutting prices. But the result was simply a drop in the total value of exports, and the United States purchases, while less absolutely, did not decrease relatively. Philippine exports in 1938 differed from those in 1937 not so much in *quantity* as in value. For example, 871 million kilos of sugar exported in 1937 brought about \$58,000,000; while in 1938, 868 million kilos exported brought only about \$50,000,000. Hemp (abaca) dropped from about 13 cents to about 7 cents per kilo. (The kilo

Japan, the most likely customer, can use. These include rubber, cacao, camphor, tea, spice, drugs, cotton—but again, we run into the problem of already established sources where these things are produced in great quantities by people who can underlive, and therefore undersell, the Americanized Filipino. Besides, to reorient a basic economy so completely would require an extensive educational campaign throughout the entire archipelago—and agriculture in any country is notoriously slow to adopt new ideas.

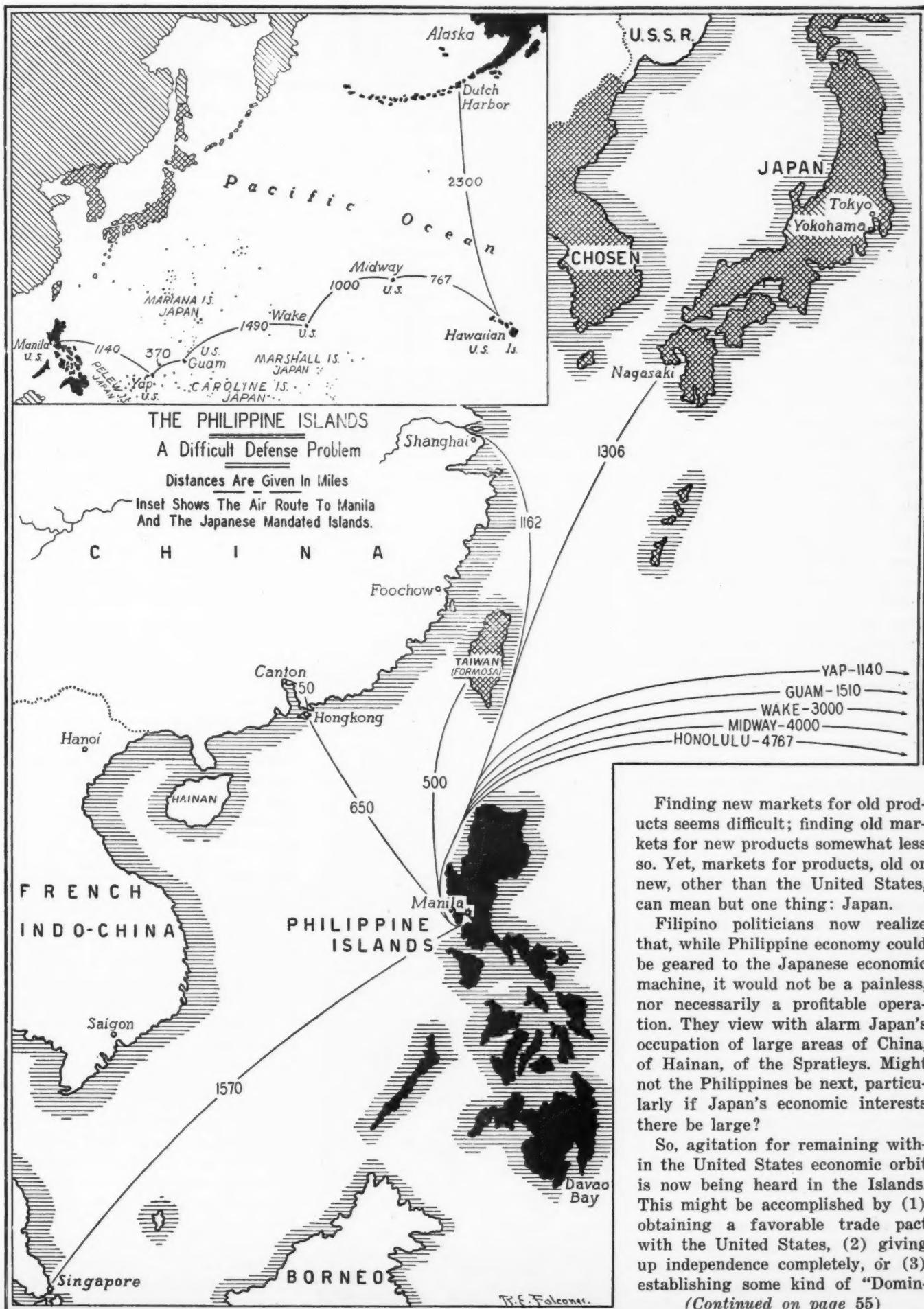
Lumber—most of it on land already the property of the government—can be sold, and Japan will buy. Mineral sources can be exploited and may offer employment for a large number of people.

Incidentally, production of iron, manganese and copper ore has increased by leaps and bounds during the past three years. Note figures in the table above.

These statistics not only show the tremendous increase, but indicate the reason for it. Japan has been at war with China. Manganese, copper and iron are war materials. Those deposits in the Philippines are much closer than sources elsewhere. Hence the encouragement to Philippine mining.

Some diversification has already been attempted in the Philippines. A textile factory with 10,000 spindles was recently constructed, as well as a food-canning factory, and small-scale paper, explosive, tin can and tile manufacturing are planned.



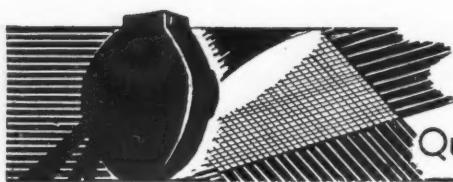


Finding new markets for old products seems difficult; finding old markets for new products somewhat less so. Yet, markets for products, old or new, other than the United States, can mean but one thing: Japan.

Filipino politicians now realize that, while Philippine economy could be geared to the Japanese economic machine, it would not be a painless, nor necessarily a profitable operation. They view with alarm Japan's occupation of large areas of China, of Hainan, of the Spratleys. Might not the Philippines be next, particularly if Japan's economic interests there be large?

So, agitation for remaining within the United States economic orbit is now being heard in the Islands. This might be accomplished by (1) obtaining a favorable trade pact with the United States, (2) giving up independence completely, or (3) establishing some kind of "Domin-

(Continued on page 55)



THEY SAY

Quotations from the World Press



Lewis vs. Garner: A Sign of the Political Times

Condensed from an article in The Baltimore Sun by John W. Owens, Editor in Chief of The Sunpapers.

Take the affair of the rip-roaring assault of John L. Lewis on Vice-President Garner, important in its bearing upon the preparations for the 1940 presidential year. In this Garner-Lewis imbroglio there is a certain symbolism.

Here are two men who spring from the groups that now are called the underprivileged. Mr. Garner is the son of a poor frontier farmer family. His educational opportunities were of the scantiest. He knew labor in the fields at a tender age, and it was labor from sunup until sundown. Many was the day on which he ate breakfast in the dark and supper in the dark. Mr. Lewis is the son of miner stock transported from Wales to the Middle West. Probably his childhood was less hard than Mr. Garner's, but it was the opposite of soft.

There was power in each of them to overcome adversity and to profit from adversity. Each of them achieved, in uphill fight, distinct material prosperity. Each of them has also had notable professional success. Mr. Garner's real profession is not the law, but politics and public life. In that he has risen to the second highest post in the land and has taken into that post an influence it seldom has known. Mr. Lewis' profession is that of labor leader. In that profession he has achieved a stature that has been attained by no other man. He is the most powerful labor leader in our history.

Each of them is a man of character and each of them is patriotic. Neither is without qualities which may obscure or deflect sound judgment. Each loves power and mastery. And the love of power and mastery, which is a vast stimulus to strong men, also is often the pitfall of their thought and action. Mr. Lewis is in rather the more danger, for he not only loves power and mastery. He loves the appearance, the open evidence of power and mastery. But shake everything

down and each remains a man of character.

Each is a man of action rather than of ideas. Mr. Garner has not the ability of a Carter Glass or a Cordell Hull to formulate a political or an economic theory. He is not gifted in generalization. But he is marvelous in perception of instant situations and in close-quarters fighting he is in a class apart. Mr. Lewis leaves one in a maze when he attempts to lay down political or economic theory. But he has few equals in organizing men and in leading men and he constantly outthinks and defeats captains of industry in across-the-table negotiations.

Here, then, are two men in the oldest American traditions of self-managed rise from poverty and adversity and in the favored American tradition of action rather than theory, and both of them are respected by the people who really know them. Yet, one suddenly calls the other "a labor-baiting, whisky-drinking, poker-playing evil old man" whose "knife is searching for the heart of labor." Open war is declared by Mr. Lewis on Mr. Garner, and the Capitol and the country grow tense with interest. What really is at the bottom of it all?

One thing at the bottom is this fact: Mr. Garner is, at the moment, the principal symbol in this country of the middle classes. More conspicuously than any other man in either party, at the moment, he stands for the right of the average hard-working man to accumulate some property and to be secure in its possession.

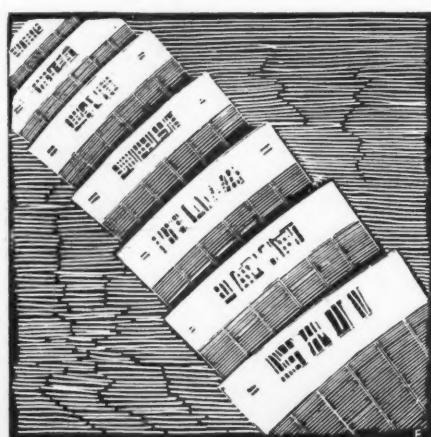
He is willing to go a long way with new ideas, but when governmental spending threatens destruction of savings, he becomes worked up. When sit-down strikes threaten savings invested in industry, he becomes worked up. And he acts.

Mr. Lewis is equally, and obviously, the principal symbol of the class-conscious working man. It is necessary to say "class-conscious" because, as everyone of experience knows, there are many working people whose values are identical with those of the middle classes. Mr. Lewis represents the working people who, in many cases, honestly believe they are fighting for simple justice, but in all cases are fighting for an ever-widening position of preference in the economy of the nation. And their fight frequently is at the expense of the middle classes.

This division between two men who spring from the underprivileged is a division that is taking place all over the country. And it is posing a question for literally millions of other men in comfortable circumstances, who also know what hardship is. For, after all, it is not so long ago that the overwhelming majority of the people in this country were, under present standards, in the underprivileged groups, as, indeed, the overwhelming majority in the rest of the world still are. And the question posed is not solely one of self-sacrifice by the fortunate. It involves broad questions of social policy.

There is the simple question as to whether the groups for which Mr. Lewis speaks will not be worse off, rather than better off, if the savings and the sense of security that comes from savings and property were destroyed in the middle classes. It would be possible to grant all that Mr. Lewis has to say about the injustices suffered by his followers and still to doubt that their future would be better, rather than worse, if the middle classes were destroyed or frightened into a kind of economic retirement, and if the upward pull of their collective efforts were halted.

And there is for many the question





Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

John Nance Garner



New York Times

John L. Lewis

as to whether much of the old theory of the open race, with preference for none, should not be preserved.

In any event there is division. The middle classes are plainly on the move and demanding more of the old order. They are gaining, as of today, at the expense of Mr. Lewis and his followers. This is shown in all manner of polls. It is shown in the attitude of Congress on the Wagner labor law, on the wages and hours law and on the spending and lending bill, all dear to the heart of the movement that is headed by Mr. Lewis, and, as the middle classes move, Mr. Garner appears more and more clearly as at once the embodiment of their ideas and the generalissimo of their cause in the maneuvers and debates in Congress.

Mr. Lewis sees the whole thing—the developing, widening movement of the middle classes and the potency of Mr. Garner. And he strikes out. He made a mistake in his attack. If he is going to ban whisky-drinking and poker-playing, he is going to cause great discomfort to a large number of his labor leaders, as well as to Mr. Garner and the middle classes. So far as the "labor-baiting" and "evil old man" parts of the attack go, they were unnecessary in stirring up Mr. Lewis' followers and they were very unwise in stirring up Mr. Garner's actual and potential followers.

But that is not of great or lasting

importance. The important thing in Mr. Lewis' attack on Mr. Garner is that one man, who comes from the underprivileged and undertakes to speak for those who consider themselves still underprivileged, has felt it necessary to make a savage attack on another man who comes from the underprivileged and is regarded as the spokesman of large numbers of thrifty men and women—people familiar with hardship, whether or not they actually were underprivileged, people who now are in the property-owning middle class.

In that fact is a sign of the political times.

Looking Backward at Ten Years of History

—An article from The New York World-Telegram by E. A. Evans, special writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

Ten years—a brief space in the history of a nation. Let's look back to mid-July of 1929.

Herbert Hoover, four and a half months in the White House, was riding the crest of popularity. The great Coolidge boom was continuing and growing greater. The Republican party was celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday and many people, remembering how Mr. Hoover, with nearly six million more votes than any other candidate ever polled, had swept all but eight states, were say-

ing that the Democratic party was dead.

Prohibition was a burning issue. There was indignation over death from poison liquor and over killings by enforcement agents. But the President had appointed an eminent commission, headed by George W. Wickes, which was seeking a solution for this and other problems of law enforcement and obedience. Many considered the prohibition question pretty hopeless, since the Eighteenth Amendment was in the Constitution and, of course, there would always be enough dry states to prevent its repeal.

The farmers, as usual, were complaining that they weren't getting their fair share of national prosperity. However, a brief special session of Congress had created a new farm board with a \$500,000,000 revolving fund for loans to agricultural organizations which would act as farm marketing agencies. That would fix up the farmers.

And further help for agriculture was promised through the new Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, on which the Senate Finance Committee was holding summer hearings. Thirty-eight other nations had just protested to the State Department against proposed high rates in this bill. The Democrats were fighting it, and even some farmers said that it was being rigged for the special benefit of big business, but Senator Smoot, with the Administration's support, was driving ahead.

Democratic Congressmen were denouncing continued extravagant spending by the new administration. But the Republicans were pointing out that the last fiscal year had ended with a \$195,000,000 Treasury surplus, while income taxes had been repeatedly reduced under Republican Presidents and the national debt had been cut from its \$25,482,000,000 war peak to only \$16,931,000,000.

Events abroad were interesting but not very important. Some sort of revolution was going on in Mexico and we were helping the Mexican government to put it down by selling arms and planes. The Spanish Parliament was debating a new Constitution. Emperor Hirohito of Japan had just ratified the Kellogg Pact outlawing war. The Duke of Gloucester, King George's third son, was in Tokyo to invest Hirohito, that firm friend of Britain, with the Order of the Garter.

Mussolini, seven years in power, was making Italy's trains run on time. Germany, with more than three million workers unemployed, was ready to make her fifth prompt annual payment to the Allies under the Dawes Plan, and had agreed to the new Young Plan, hailed as a "complete and final settlement" of the World War reparations problem. It provided for annual payments of \$513,000,000 a year until Germany's indebtedness should be wiped out in 1989. A young agitator named Hitler was editing a little paper, inveighing against what he called the injustices of Versailles. But his political party, with only twelve seats in the Reichstag, was not taken seriously. Old President von Hindenburg had affairs in the German Republic firmly under control.

There was, indeed, little to distract Americans from their favorite occupation of watching—and playing—the stock market. There had been a sharp, sudden tumble in prices three months earlier, shaking out thousands of scared little "margin" gamblers. But professional traders and big investors had rushed in on a recovery wave, and in mid-July everything was going up. The thirty industrial stocks in the Dow-Jones averages were around \$270. A seat on the New York Exchange sold for \$600,000. A few cautious souls ventured to wonder whether the rise could continue forever, but the great enthusiastic majority, getting richer daily in that fine new era, was confident that the sky was the only limit.

Waiting, three months ahead, was a black October day. But most of us, in July 1929, had no idea that we were watching the events leading up to the tragedy.

Huge Flood Savings From Gilbertsville

—From *Engineering News-Record*.

The economic value of the flood protection that will be afforded to the Mississippi Valley through the construction of Gilbertsville Dam on the Tennessee River is estimated at \$200,000,000 in a report submitted by T.V.A. to the President and by him to Congress. The estimate is derived from studies made by Charles W. Okey, T.V.A. senior hydraulic engineer, and endorsed by Sherman M. Woodward, chief water control planning engineer.

Okey based his studies on the

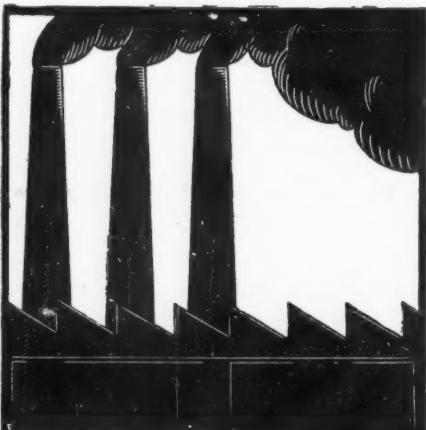
thesis that present flood protection in the Mississippi Valley is inadequate, but that an additional two feet of free-board—obtained either through lower water levels or through higher levees—would render the valley safe. He therefore estimated the monetary value of complete flood protection in the valley, as compared with the present situation, and called this the value of an additional two feet of protection. This value he set at \$381,378,000.

T.V.A. engineers believe that Gilbertsville will reduce the maximum Mississippi flood by more than two feet between Cairo and the mouth of the Arkansas and probably by at least one foot between the Arkansas and the Red. Applying these conclusions to Okey's figures, they obtain the \$200,000,000.

Okey divides his economic value of two feet of protection into the following classes:

Cities	\$ 6,700,000
Railroads	10,550,000
Highways	1,500,000
Unprotected marginal areas	6,182,000
Backwater areas	32,240,000
Floodway areas	11,304,000
Reduced levee maintenance	5,290,000
Reduced seepage damage	7,612,000
Protected agricultural area	300,000,000

The first three values are equated to the estimated cost of justifiable protection by the cheapest alternative method. The next five groups are obtained by capitalizing the probable annual damage from future floods. The final figure is the estimated increase in the value of land if complete flood protection were provided.



Food and Religion; A Call for Good Cooks

—Condensed from the weekly, Zion's Herald, organ of American Methodism.

While the physical basis of life in a free world by no means can solely determine the course of a man's spiritual development, yet it does constitute the foundation upon which he has to build his character. The human spirit inhabits a body, and the two seem to be inextricably woven together. Hence, food has something to do with the growth and progress of the inner life.

Startling indeed would be the showing, if it were possible to compile the list of the souls which in the history of the world have been damned by bad food. Cooks have a responsibility the proportions of which they scarcely realize. Half-cooked food, greasy food, tough meats, poorly seasoned vegetables, soggy pies, and doctored puddings—these are some of the reasons "why men leave home"—and the church.

A word or two should also be said about the follies of the eater. Many a person sins against his physical health by overeating, eating when tired or half-sick, gulping his food, mixing antagonistic elements in the same meal, or tampering with his diet at the behest of every "food specialist." Surely, true religion involves the proper care of the physical organism as well as the training of the mind and soul in the precepts of the gospel.

The French regard eating as something more than feeding. They insist upon good food properly seasoned and well cooked, made to appeal to the senses of sight and smell as well as taste and satisfy not only the physical hunger but also the aesthetic desire of the diner.

Now consider America and its feeding habits. We are on the rush. Breakfast—an orange and a dry cereal, washed down with a cup of coffee; lunch—a plate of hash, a piece of pie, and more coffee at a cafeteria; dinner—heavy meat, greasy potatoes, canned vegetables and fruit, coffee or tea, bread, and an oversweet dessert. It would be difficult to list more than a half-dozen restaurants of medium price in any of our large cities which serve really good food. And cafeterias! The noon football rush is on. Multitudes of lunchers with fifteen minutes at their disposal

fight for a tray, grab several plates of regimented food, and gulp the whole thing down in a jiffy. Other multitudes hurry over to the corner drugstore for what purports to be a meat sandwich and a cup of sickly coffee, with a "top-off" in the form of ice cream drenched with a heavy marshmallow concoction including chocolate sauce, or a banana surmounted by ice cream and the whole buried under cherries and nuts. If stomachs could talk! The churches are in the midst of an all but losing fight with the restaurants for the souls of men.

Nor are the churches themselves altogether free from this evil which so sadly hinders the cause of true religion. All too often the church "social" or men's club "banquet" with its cold ham, baked beans, potato salad, heavy pies, and strong coffee has driven down the spiritual thermometer of professing Christians below zero.

We need preachers and teachers, prophets and saints; but we also need, commonplace as the demand may seem, able and conscientious cooks who feel called of God to make the preparation and serving of good food their high vocation.

County Mergers; Two Examples

—From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

For the past twenty years, or ever since good roads and the automobile cut short-distance traveling time to a fraction of what it used to be, students of local government have been advocating county consolidation. But they have been so many voices crying from the housetops. As a matter of fact, the financial hardships of the depression have reduced the total number of counties in the United States by only three.

If the trend toward decreasing tax values goes on, county consolidation may perforce amount to something more than a theory. Missouri offers a perfect example of the way this sort of pressure is operating. State Auditor Forrest Smith has issued a report stating that fifteen Missouri counties are already bankrupt, faced with the alternative of repudiating all their obligations or consolidating with other counties. As an example, he points to one county with a floating debt of \$100,000 and annual revenues of less than \$35,000.

This condition, it should be noted,



Das Schwarze Korps

*A German View
If he reaches for his weapons he will lose half the world.*

has come about in spite of a revolutionary shifting of local expenses onto the State and Federal governments. Care of the indigent aged and disabled and the unemployed has been assumed by the State and Federal governments. Since the beginning of the depression, some 40 per cent of the total cost of operating the Missouri public schools has been shifted from the county governments and their subdivisions to the State government, the revenue coming, for the most part, from the sales tax.

If, in spite of all this aid, so many of the counties are still staggering into bankruptcy it would appear that local pride and the self-interest of the various little courthouse rings may yet have to give way and permit county mergers to go through.



—From The Dallas Morning News.

Texas offers one of the biggest opportunities in the country for county mergers in the interest of saving taxpayers' money and providing more efficient administration. The last cen-

sus showed this State with 172 counties with fewer than 20,000 inhabitants each, and forty-six with fewer than 5,000 each. In these, taxes provide almost nothing for other county expenses after the salaries of officials have been paid. Schools are notoriously poor, local roads are neglected and nothing is done toward the prevention of disease.

Tax experts have estimated that the costs of county administration could be reduced 25 per cent through the merger of adjoining counties of less than 5,000 population. In Oklahoma, the State Chamber of Commerce estimated that a saving of \$17,000,000 could be made by merging that State's seventy-seven counties into twenty. In thinly populated areas, almost any official could perform his duties for an area four or five times as large, without working more than an eight-hour day. And hard roads would enable even the most remote farmer to get to the courthouse in a two-hour drive.

The United States has had only two examples of county merger, but both have been highly successful. A

1917 merger of two counties in Tennessee resulted in a reduction of about 15 per cent in the tax rate and in the establishment of a modern school and highway system. Similar results were obtained when three counties were consolidated in Georgia in 1932. In addition to other benefits, the two rural counties gained health services they had been going without.

But whenever county mergers are proposed—as they have been in nearly every state—an outcry immediately arises from entrenched officials and from local merchants who believe that presence of a courthouse increases their trade. The political rings fight consolidation proposals more bitterly than they oppose such reforms as the manager plan or civil service. And usually they are successful in halting progress.

As a result, the county remains the most backward and most wasteful unit in the American system of government, per capita costs of administration increasing directly as population becomes more sparse. Some county officials, raking in fees in addition to their salary, have a bigger income than the Governor of their state, but spend most of their time building a political machine.

As a result of county inefficiency, more and more county functions are going to state and Federal agencies by default. Unless the county unit is to disappear—and with it much of the local self-government traditional to America—mergers and business management will have to be adopted to make county government more efficient.

Going, Going—Down

—United Press dispatch from Ogunquit, Maine, under August 7 dateline.

Sinclair Lewis, novelist, today foresaw "a world-wide moratorium on all arts" and the coming of new dark ages, perhaps in the present generation. This already has come to pass in Germany, Russia and Italy, Mr. Lewis said.

Up

—United Press dispatch from York, Maine, also under Augus: 7 dateline.

The world is on a verge of "a big moral uplift," said Dr. A. J. Cronin, British novelist, on arriving here today.

American Living Costs in the North and South

—Condensed from a press release of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Department of Labor.

The cost of living in five small Southern cities surveyed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics at the request of the Wage and Hour Division averages 3.1 per cent lower than in five Northern cities of the same size.

These calculations are derived from an investigation of retail prices and rents conducted by the Bureau as of December 15, 1938, in ten cities of ten thousand to twenty thousand population. The cities covered are:

Chillicothe, O.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
Dover, N. H.	Sherman, Texas
Hanover, Pa.	Statesville, N. C.
Holland, Mich.	Sumter, S. C.
Little Falls, N. Y.	Thomasville, N. C.

Numerous studies have been made comparing wages, incomes and actual levels of living in the North and South. The present survey was designed to show differences in the cost of living in these five Northern and five Southern cities, for comparable levels of living. Full allowance has been made for differences in prices, and for the apparent influence of climate upon fuel requirements and type of housing construction. With the exception of these items, the comparison has been made of the price of identical commodities.

Food is the largest item in the wage-earner budget. It constitutes from one-third to two-fifths of the total expenditures, being relatively more important at lower income levels than at higher ones. The investigation indicates that there is no significant difference in average food

costs as between the two regions. This conclusion is based upon a consideration of the prices and the quantities of food customarily purchased by the families of employed wage earners in both regions combined.

The small difference in living costs of 3.1 per cent results largely from the lower cost of housing and fuel in the Southern cities as compared to the Northern. On the average, rents in the Southern cities are 7.6 per cent lower than those in the North for houses of the same age with the same number of rooms and with similar facilities. Fuel costs are 34.2 per cent lower in the Southern cities. Rent constitutes approximately 17 per cent of the wage earner's family expenditures in cities of this size, and expenditures for fuel, light and refrigeration combined about 8 per cent.

Rents were secured for houses of four, five, and six rooms having as a minimum, running water, inside flush toilets, and electricity for lighting. No attempt was made to secure rents for houses of the same type of construction in the Northern and Southern cities as differences in construction are naturally associated with differences in climate. Houses with gas room heaters in the Southern cities were treated as providing the same level of living as houses with furnaces in the Northern cities.

Bituminous coal, anthracite and fuel oil are the fuels most commonly used for heating by Northern wage earners; bituminous coal, wood and gas by Southern wage earners. The quantity of fuel assigned to each budget was based on the actual heat content of fuels customarily purchased by wage-earner families. A study of actual consumer purchases made in 1935-36 in small Northern and small Southern cities showed that approximately half as much heat is used by Southern wage earners as by those in the North. On the other hand, a larger quantity of ice is characteristically used in the South than in the North, and therefore a larger quantity was allowed for the South in the budgets used.

Other items of expenditures are somewhat higher in Southern cities than in the Northern cities. Average differences in the cost of clothing, furniture, furnishings and equipment and miscellaneous items are small: respectively 2 per cent, 3.8 per cent and 3 per cent higher in the Southern cities.



World Revolution Still Aim of Comintern

—Condensed from an article by A. Zekratch in *Rossiya, New York*, organ of the White Russians.

Woe to Europe if the key to solution of international relations should be handed to Stalin. And yet the great Western democracies insist that Stalin should be given the key. Thus, they not only link their fate with the Comintern (for it is high time to call things by their proper names), but they are trying to push the small countries, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, and now Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, which have no illusions whatsoever about the so-called Soviet guarantees, into Stalin's lethal embrace.

The small states are not only sober but they are wise. They not only reject but they decisively protest against the foisted "solicitudes" of the U.S.S.R. as well as against the bloc of forces with which the U.S.S.R. would be connected. Thus the *Nation Belge* protests against attempts to include Belgium in the Soviet guarantees and so "give the Soviets a chance to meddle into Belgian affairs."

If we did not harbor in our bosom the hope of a new, truly Great Russia, if we did not see that, in her present state, she is the outstanding world's evil, if we did not understand that the game is going to end catastrophically for the entire civilized world, we would now say indifferently to perplexed Europe: "You have sown chaff and now are reaping wind."

Gigantic U.S.S.R., which has an airfleet of almost fifteen thousand planes, is now dealing its assistance to China in small doses—figuring that it should not have a preponderance over its adversary—so that the war can be prolonged, perhaps until other powers interfere, or the two warring countries are mortally weakened. In the first instance, Russia hopes for a world war with all its consequences—world revolution; in the second instance, it would have two victims, like ripe fruits for its communist maw.

The Spanish affair illustrated the open cynicism of Stalin's policy: on the one hand was the fear of singeing his own wings ("hold aloof from artillery fire"—Stalin); on the other hand profits were not overlooked, as witness Stalin's orders to sell munitions and war material for gold. Fi-

nally, Stalin refused asylum in the U.S.S.R. to Spanish Republicans after Franco's victory. This of course was not devoid of logic: let them remain in Europe as elements fermenting new revolutions.

All this has its deeper basis. For at each subsequent communist party convention the directions for achieve-



Whitelaw—London Daily Herald

At the Cafe Danzig.

ment of world revolution are not revoked but are confirmed and planned out.

There is not the slightest doubt about the essence of Soviet endeavours. In a game with the Comintern there are no partners nor opponents—everything is only the hateful, capitalistic surrounding world. The aim of the game is to have everything that comes in contact with it demoralized, so that the cards will land in Comintern hands. The aim and the principles of its realization remain the same—world conflagration and world revolution no matter at what price, no matter by what means, with "partners" or adversaries.

Tangier and Europe

—Condensed from The Manchester Guardian.

If Tangier were in the possession of a single Great Power it would be as formidable a naval base as Gibraltar, Ceuta, or Cape Tarifa. Cape Spartel, within the territory of the Tangier International Settlement, is the most north-western point of Africa and dominates the Straits. Yet under international rule Tangier is no menace to England or to France.

Tangier is situated within the Spanish zone in Morocco, which, in turn, is surrounded by French Morocco. During the Spanish civil war Tangier was naturally a danger-spot. The town has a mixed population. The Arabs hated all the Europeans. The Spanish were divided between the Republicans and Nationalists. Even

the French were divided: the lower classes sided with the Spanish loyalists and the richer classes with the followers of Franco. This division even penetrated into the ranks of the international police. The Spanish commander of the gendarmerie was a Nationalist; his two lieutenants sympathized with the Government. Even the French police were divided on the Spanish question. Under these circumstances it was evident that in case of trouble it would have been impossible to use the police. Fortunately there were only two serious incidents, both ending, however, in fatal casualties. That there were not more is probably due to the tact and diplomacy of the French general administrator.

Life is extremely complicated in Tangier owing to the nature of the International Statute. The nominal sovereignty in Morocco is exercised by the Sultan in Rabat, in the French zone. Rightly or wrongly, he is considered a puppet in the hands of the French, yet nominally he is also the ruler of Spanish Morocco and of Tangier, where his Viceroy, the Mendoub, resides. Nominal sovereignty in Tangier therefore rests with the Mendoub, but the statute of

December 18, 1923, placed the town under an international Administration. The Chief Administrator is a Frenchman; the Spanish administrator looks after hygiene and welfare; the British is in charge of finances, and the Italian is in charge of justice.

In the Mixed Tribunal there are two Spanish and French magistrates and one English, Italian, and Belgian. This Mixed Tribunal is the law court for Europeans. If an Arab or a Jew has a suit against a European it is tried by this tribunal. The claims of a European against an Arab, however, are tried by the Sultan's or Mendoub's Court. The Legislative Assembly of Tangier consists of four Spaniards and Frenchmen, three English and Italians, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one Dutchman, six Moslems, and three Jews. The chief of the gendarmerie is a Spaniard; there are two Spanish and two French lieutenants and a Belgian non-commissioned officer.

Open Door for Spies

—Condensed from an article by William Forrest in The New Chronicle.

For the first time I have come back from a foreign trip with nothing to show for it: not even a stamp in my passport to prove that I have been, in fact, abroad.

True, it was only a cheap day trip to Boulogne. £1 return from Victoria. Seven hours in France! No passports required!

A British passport costs 15s., not to mention the trouble of taking one out. If passports were required it would no longer be a *cheap* day trip, and the people just wouldn't go.

If there is any valid criticism of these Channel excursions it is surely this, that they open wide the door for any crook, spy or undesirable who wants to reach or quit our shores.

No passports are required. You simply fill in the identity coupons which are attached to your ticket, hand over one of the coupons on the outward Channel crossing and another on the return journey. And that's that.

Take the hypothetical case of Mr. X, who is "wanted" by the police in England. One fine morning Mr. X goes to Victoria and buys an excursion ticket for Boulogne. At the platform barrier he is asked "Are you British?" and whether Mr. X be Argentinian, Armenian, Portuguese or

Greek, he answers "Yes," and without more ado is allowed to pass and board the train.

In the train he duly fills in the so-called identity coupon. He has already chosen a name and address at random from the telephone directory, say, John Smith, of Bayswater Road.

As soon as he boards the steamer



London Express

at Folkestone he goes down below to the passport office and hands over one of the identity coupons. He may be asked to produce some document proving that he is indeed John Smith of Bayswater Road. It is unlikely, however, that he will be asked, for the passport office has a thousand passengers to deal with in little over an hour, and there is no time to question all of them.

Three and a half hours after leaving London Mr. X steps ashore at Boulogne, while the police are still looking for him in England.

Illegal entry into Britain is equally simple. All that Mr. Y, an I.R.A. terrorist, or Herr W, a Nazi spy, needs to do is to use the return half of a ticket brought over to Boulogne by an accomplice from London. Or, if the accomplice wants to return to London with Mr. Y, there is nothing to hinder him from (1) buying two tickets at Victoria, (2) filling in one set of identity coupons with his own name and address and the other set with a fictitious name, say, Albert Jones, for Mr. Y, and (3) passing twice through the passport office in the steamer.

On the return journey Mr. Y

hands in the remaining Albert Jones identity coupon, and if the passport officer cares to check up, he will find that Albert Jones did in fact travel on the outward journey. And once again that's that.

Passports are the obvious remedy, but these, as I have said, would kill the excursions.

Then, why not *real* identity cards to which the purchaser of the ticket would be required to affix his photograph? That would make no difference in the case of those undesirables who wished to get out of the country, but it would stop those who tried to get in.

Thin Man of Europe

—Condensed from an article by H. R. S. Vaseau in Labour, London.

It is a well-established fact that Germany's fat supplies are 40 per cent short. Yet the *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports official figures which seem to indicate that the Germans are consuming more fat, more meat, and more sugar than they ever did before.

"In 1938," the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says, "consumption of meat per head was 57.7 kilograms (approximately 126 lbs.) against 48.9 kilograms in 1932. The consumption of sugar was 24.3 kilograms as compared with 19.1 kilograms in 1931, and in the consumption of butter, 8.8 kilograms as compared with 7.5 kilograms. It follows that the German people who grumble are most ungrateful to their Fuehrer who has provided them with all the necessities of life to a degree far in excess of what they ever had before he arrived.

Although we cannot tell to what extent the figures are falsified, we do know that their interpretation is incorrect, and I shall try to show how the German authorities work.

The figures given for the consumption of sugar do not refer to human consumption only, they refer to the amount produced minus the amount exported, and that is not the same thing. For instance, there is the industrial use for sugar, such as the production of glycerine, which is used in explosives, and to minimize the recoil of cannon after the shot.

As regards meat and butter, both are used for the production of margarine, and thus are made to count double in German statistics: once as meat and butter and once as margarine. German statistics, therefore,

are absolute rubbish, and in order to get a true picture of conditions we must consider symptoms instead of statistical figures. Normally the economist is very reluctant to do so because he knows how easily symptoms can give a wrong impression.

We know that many people go to Germany for a pleasure tour and come back full of enthusiasm, and convinced that the "symptoms" they have been allowed to see prove that everything is in the best of order. They are not aware that they have only been allowed to notice what the authorities wished them to see. The people with whom they got in contact were watched, the boarding houses in which they stayed were selected, telephones on which they talked were tapped, the restaurants in which they had meals received extra rations.

Thus the impression which they get of German conditions is just as incorrect as the statistics published by Herr Goebbels. But the symptoms I am going to give will probably prove more illustrative than the tourist stories of their trips with "blinkers."

Let us look out for the symptoms indicating the quality and amount of foodstuffs available for the population. There is quite a long series of new substitutes, the value of which is considered to be even greater than the value of the original product—by Herr Goebbels. Let us just describe two of them. A new egg called the "Milei" has been discovered. It is made of butter-milk and various chemicals. It is a yellow powder, and is claimed to be more nourishing than real eggs. This discovery, it is hoped, will reduce the consumption of natural eggs by 50 per cent. Nothing is said about vitamins in this Milei, and I suppose nothing can be said about them. But I do not doubt that consumption of natural eggs will be reduced by 50 per cent before long.

In a report in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of May 8, reference was made to tea. A new order has been published prohibiting misleading names for tea "made in Germany." The order finished by saying that the name, "German House Tea" (*Deutscher Haus Tee*) may only be used for Tea which is of agreeable taste and not detrimental to health. Surely the passing of such an order indicates that substitutes for tea were being produced from chemicals, and sold to the public, that were detri-



Nebelspalter, Switzerland

The Wild Man

Once there was a wild man
Who slaughtered some of his neighbors.
The newspapers, of course, wrote about it,
And warned people against the wild man.
But the wild man read them and shouted:

"These disturbers! These well-poisoners!
These hypocrites!
They are out for a breach of the
peace!
They are out for a breach of MY peace!"

mental to health and not even of agreeable taste! Another report in the same daily paper informs us that lemons (!) are now made entirely from German raw materials!

Mannequin Parade

—Condensed from an article appearing in *Forum, Johannesburg*.

Since most of the German nation is being put into uniform, the national interest in clothes is understandable. In the highest circles this interest is fast developing into a passion, with competition very keen.

Herr Hitler's latest evening uniform has a white coat, with a silver and gold belt, together with the usual armband. The first pictures showing him and other leaders were given wide publicity. However, the desire to impress at the many functions held on diplomatic occasions has spread throughout the Nazi hierarchy and

Marshal Goering is not getting all the limelight.

Herr Hitler commissioned a stage designer, Benno von Arendt, to design a fitting costume for the diplomatic service. He turned out a design in black, with silver trimmings. The diplomats were very pleased with this natty uniform until Dr. Goebbels took a hand in the game. One night several of the important officials of the Propaganda Department turned out in their new uniform. It was dark blue, with broad silver bands down the trousers, gold-braided shoulder straps and gold and silver aiguillettes. Herr von Ribbentrop was not amused. He considered that the propagandists looked too much like his diplomats (possibly even outshone them) and the matter is the subject of negotiations.

Since it is proposed that all German officials, including mayors, shall wear uniform according to rank, a

brighter Germany is in sight. As it is, all military reserve officers have dress uniforms, and most officials are in the reserves. The public funds pay for army and office uniforms, and the Nazi Party helps its poorer members to pay for theirs. Following the example of Marshal Goering, many sportsmen have specially designed uniforms. Most boys and girls are in uniformed youth organizations.

ish Empire. I do not think they would have succeeded if these Axis strategists had not had the assistance of our own Imperialists, who are anxious, for reasons best known to themselves, to commit suicide.

When Japan spread itself over the Far East, when Mussolini spread himself in Africa and the Eastern Mediterranean, when Hitler began swallowing Central Europe, when

that he may have sixpence returned.

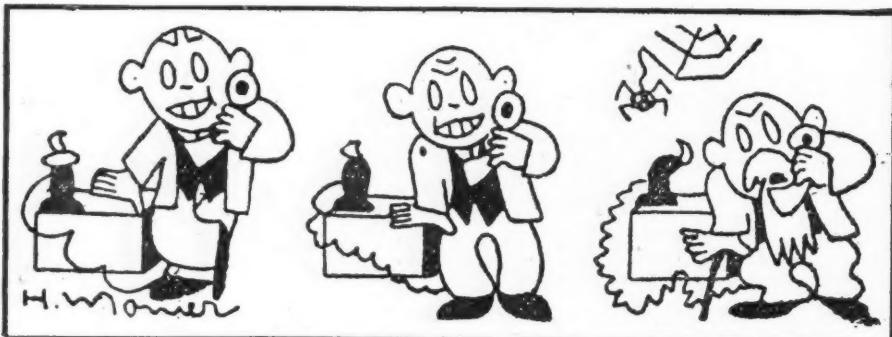
The Nazi method, imitated by its allies, is not to risk everything on a huge naked conflict, a war like the last, but to continue, with ever-increasing pressure, the present campaign. The trick is to keep the whole nation on almost a war basis, to run the propaganda machine for all it is worth, to promise anything to the idiots who will believe you, to create disorder in the countries to be attacked, to corrode and disintegrate, and then by a sudden move and the threat of overwhelming force to take what you want. We should all recognize the method by this time.

There are other and better tests of the sincerity of our government's protestations than huge armaments, national service, a form of conscription, for the Tories have always wanted such things. They are only too glad of an excuse to rush them through. But are they ready to set their boasted patriotism above their party and personal prejudices? If they are, then why is the definite public demand for the inclusion of Mr. Winston Churchill in the Cabinet being so obstinately resisted?

There are three good reasons why he should be included. First, he is a man of outstanding ability and experience, and nobody except the leaders of our present Cabinet believes it to be rich in these qualities. Secondly, the people want him there. Thirdly, his presence will at least do something to show the world, which has no confidence whatever in our statesmen, that we are in earnest.

The same arguments, with a few differences, apply to the return to office of Mr. Eden. Bluntly stated, he was dropped simply to please Mussolini, as part of a miserable policy that made us the laughing-stock of the world. The policy failed, as it deserved to do, so now let us forget it. Let us have Mr. Eden back, and suggest, for a change, that Mussolini throw overboard his mischievous Ciano (who will undoubtedly ruin him) and Hitler his Von Ribbentrop.

Wobbling and double-faced antics, talking one way in public and another way in the City, the Carlton Club and big country houses, can bring nothing but disaster. It has lost us every move in the game so far, flung away strategical advantages, ruined our prestige, and we cannot afford now to drop another point. The score is advantage to server, and it is not we who are serving.



*Hullo? London?
All's going well. . . .*

*The pact is
on the point. . . .*

*of being
signed. . . .*

For Eden and Churchill in the British Cabinet

—Condensed from an article by J. B. Priestly in The News Chronicle, London.

People wonder when war will break out. Strictly speaking, war started at least three years ago. It was started not by the people of Germany, Italy and Japan, but by the crazily ambitious and quite unscrupulous groups that control those people. The leaders in this war of Axis aggression are the Nazis.

It is about as sensible and safe to imagine that the Nazi leaders are merely patriotic Germans dissatisfied with the Versailles Treaty as it would be to mistake a man-eating tiger for a rather large pussy-cat. It is useless asking them to settle down and become nice peaceful neighbors. They couldn't do it even if they wanted to. Nazi Germany must go on expanding, not because it needs *lebensraum* (that is just Goebbels' nonsense), but because it is now organized for conquest and absorption and for nothing else.

What do they want? The answer is: anything they can get. But reliable evidence suggests that the Axis now sees as its finest and fattest ultimate prey the British Empire, which it believes must disintegrate very soon. Many of the moves in this undeclared war of the last three years have been directed against the Brit-

Hitler and Mussolini together turned Spain into an Axis base of future operations, there were cries of "Bravo!" from the City, the Carlton Club and Mayfair.

And if the Axis Powers could have continued at the same rate of progress, within five years some of these same people would have been saying, "I think your Gestapo are wonderful" and half the staff of this paper would have been on the run.

Since our end of the Munich appeasement policy was found to bear some likeness to the reception of a well-directed kick in the pants, our intensely patriotic national government has decided to resist further aggression. But even now the strange suicidal impulse seems to be still there. The charming Von Ribbentrop still has his friendly correspondents in London, who tell him not to mind us. There are discreet little conferences in the City. And nearly every day in *The Times* there are persuasive letters, from good addresses, telling us that it is all a slight misunderstanding and that if we knew the Gestapo better (as we may do soon) we should discover that they are fine, stout fellows.

We are, of course, spending fabulous sums on armaments. But your High Tory, with his big business connections, has always believed in doing this. After all, for every penny he pays out on arms there is a possibility

Current History Presents

What's YOUR Opinion?

A monthly department conducted by George V. Denny, Jr., founder and moderator of America's Town Meeting of the Air and President of Town Hall, New York

The Question this month:

SHOULD ROOSEVELT RUN FOR A THIRD TERM?

As the summer of 1939 draws to a close, one question above all others dominates the minds of the American people: Will Franklin D. Roosevelt run for a third presidential term next year?

Any discussion of national politics must get back to that question sooner or later, for until it is answered speculations on next year's national elections are of little value and predictions on the outcome of little meaning. A recent survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion—the so-called Gallup poll—showed that the American people are about equally divided on this question of whether Mr. Roosevelt will run for a third term. In mid-June, answers to the survey indicated, 48 per cent of them were convinced that he would run again; 52 per cent were convinced that he would not.

The reasoning of many of those who believe that Mr. Roosevelt may not be able to resist the lure of a third term was well expressed recently in the brilliant syndicated newspaper column which Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner write from Washington: "He is a remarkable man, bold, unpredictable, obstinate. Above all, he is recklessly impatient of frustration, and frustration impends, for he has lost control of his party and cannot hope for Andrew Jackson's and Theodore Roosevelt's privilege of naming a successor. Under the circumstances, therefore, those who say there is no chance that the President will try for a third term are ignoring essential facts. He might not be elected. He might even fail to get the Democratic nomina-

tion. But it is clearly possible that he will make the attempt."

But if the American people are heatedly divided on whether or not Mr. Roosevelt *will* run for a third term, they are even more heatedly divided on whether he *should* run for a third term. It is this latter question that we purpose to examine in this department this month.

The technique of the department by now is familiar to readers of CURRENT HISTORY. By querying statesmen, religious leaders, educators, men and women prominent in various fields of activity, and by combing the press for relevant statements, we attempt to present each month a cross-section of opinion on controversial questions by outstanding authorities. That technique has been followed this month, as usual.

A word as to background before we

IT will be Mr. Denny's aim to assemble in this department each month a cross-section of opinion on controversial questions by outstanding authorities, as well as a special section of opinion by readers of CURRENT HISTORY.

We ask our readers to send in their opinions now on this month's question, "Should Franklin D. Roosevelt Run for a Third Term?" Letters should not exceed three hundred words and should be mailed before Sept. 12. They should be addressed to:

Mr. George V. Denny, Jr.
CURRENT HISTORY
420 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

take up this month's question: Should Franklin D. Roosevelt run for a third term? This background was clearly sketched in an article written by Raymond Clapper, crack Washington correspondent, and printed in CURRENT HISTORY for August.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787 was deeply concerned with keeping undue power from the President; nevertheless, it finally adopted the four year term as a feature of the Constitution, with no restriction concerning re-election. Of the thirty-two men who have held the office of President, only one, Grant, sought a third elective term. No man has ever been nominated for a third term by either the Democratic or the Republican party. Theodore Roosevelt sought a third term in 1912, but as a Progressive, not as a Republican, and did not seek a third *elective* term, since his first term, though of nearly normal length, began, not with election, but with the death of McKinley. Congress has twice—first in the House, then in the Senate; first to head off Grant, then to head off Coolidge—adopted a resolution declaring that the precedent of retiring from presidential office after a second term has become a part of our republican system and any departure from it would be "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

But other times, other customs, the saying goes. Do these times require a break with precedent? What's YOUR Opinion? Mr. Roosevelt has touched the fringes of this third-term subject in several statements, but so far he has never clearly indicated

whether or not he will run again.

Should he run again? Here are the opinions of:

Alfred M. Landon

Republican candidate for President in 1936, and former Governor of Kansas.

"In Kansas I believe the sentiment is the same as everywhere else in the country, and in my judgment the people are against extending the power of one individual over too long a period. The people, I believe, regard the third term idea as setting a dangerous precedent. . . .

"The President, worthy of the trust reposed in him by his fellow citizens, will disdain this suggestion made to him by meaner souls.

"I don't believe any man with the exaltation and the sense of public service and patriotism that comes from the high office of the Presidency will accede to such demands.

"He [the President] will consider that laying down his charge 'at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully.'"

Payne Ratner

Republican; present Governor of Kansas.

"I feel that a third term candidacy would be a dangerous thing. It would be particularly dangerous when coupled with the greatly increased emergency and long-time powers given to the President."

Carrie Chapman Catt

Lecturer; outstanding leader of women.

"I oppose a third term on principle, and my attitude has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Roosevelt's record or qualifications.

"A third term would establish a precedent in substitution of our present policy of eight years to a president when his service has been approved. Now, five men only can serve as president in a working lifetime.

"I have long believed, in common with other people in the United States, that the welfare of our nation would be greatly improved by an amendment to our Constitution which would extend the term of the president from four to six years and provide that one man could serve only

one term. This would remove the universal habit of every president being obliged to spend much time in consideration of his second term. A six-year plan would lead to a broadly democratic government and would never travel in the direction of a dictatorship, which might be the case in the event the term of service is extended to three terms by precedent. If any man could be elected to a third term, some future man might press for a fourth or even a fifth term, in which case the democratic choice is gone.

"Let me repeat that Mr. Roosevelt and his record have nothing to do with this firm conviction."

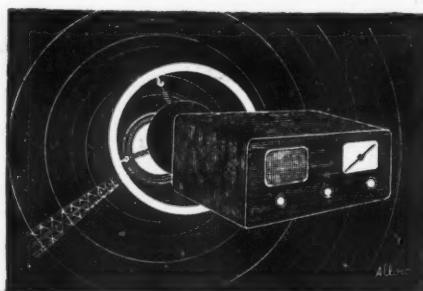
Raymond Moley

Former member of the Roosevelt inner circle of advisors.

Opinion voiced last year at a Forum conducted by *The New York Herald-Tribune*: "Fourth of July orators have been making tiresome and usually irrelevant references to the wisdom of the Founding Fathers for so many years now that a cynical generation is inclined to clap its hands over its ears whenever these gentlemen are mentioned. But if recent events throughout the world have taught us anything, it is the reality, the freshness, the immediate pertinence of the central problem with which they wrestled—the problem of safeguarding individuals and minorities against tyranny—the problem of restraining power. . . .

"The fact of the matter is that, regardless of the hows and whys of the tradition [against a third term], the tradition exists—as rugged and vital as the living word of the Constitution itself. . . .

"The two-term custom is no moss-covered fetish. It is still what pedants call 'the sense' of the people. It is alive and kicking. It is valid and binding. It can defeat those who might challenge it, just as it defeated those who dared to challenge it in the past."



Rexford Guy Tugwell

Also former member of the Roosevelt inner circle.

Dissenting opinions voiced at the same *Herald-Tribune* Forum: "I don't know exactly what makes a tradition, but I feel certain that traditions are not imposed on a people! And opposition to a third term in the present case, is, I am convinced, special pleading on the part of those who are interested to prevent a particular man from continuing in office. It is not a sentiment which the American people especially cherish.

"It is sheer accident that no president in our history has yet had a third term; several have been willing; and in no instance can it honestly be contended that a candidate for the office has failed because that issue was raised against him. . . .

"Eight years is not too long for a reform government to complete itself. It may easily take more than that. If reactionaries can stop it before completion they will bless their luck, but progressives are committed to the full cycle of reconstruction. No superstition can blind them to this urgent need. Their purpose may well require the continuance of that certain man. If it does, he will have to serve, and the third term bogey will need to be laid away and forgotten."

Senator

Joseph F. Guffey

New Deal Democrat, of Pennsylvania.

"Pennsylvania was, is and will be for Roosevelt, and Pennsylvania's seventy-two votes at the next national Democratic convention will be cast to make him our standard-bearer. A mandate of unprecedented magnitude to carry on to conclusion the work so speedily begun during his first term was given in 1936. The people were in dead earnest about that mandate and they are in dead earnest today about wanting him to carry out their program. I can say now that Pennsylvania does not want and will have nothing to do with any of the middle-of-the-road candidates."

Other Senators -- "Yes"

WILLIAM H. SMATHERS, Democrat, of New Jersey: "Every Democrat in the State believes that Mr. Roosevelt,

who carried New Jersey the last time by approximately a half million majority, can again sweep the State in 1940. They all believe that he will be drafted by the party to lead it to victory again next year.

"President Roosevelt is the one Democrat in the nation who can carry New York State in 1940, because he is the one Democrat in the country the progressive Mayor of New York, LaGuardia, will support against Dewey or any other reactionary Republican."

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Independent, of Nebraska, who says that, although he hopes Mr. Roosevelt will be re-elected in 1940, if he had his way he would choose "people I know who agree more fully with me on liberalism in government," adding: "Mr. Roosevelt is much more of a party man than I am. We don't always agree on everything. . . .

"No one who is known by the people or who has the confidence of the people stands nearly as good a show of election as he would. He has done under all the circumstances a most remarkable job. I would not want to put a straw in his way. I have always been one of those who did not favor a third term, but the question ought to be considered in the light of conditions that exist at the time. My own idea is that Mr. Roosevelt does not want to run."

ELMER THOMAS, Democrat, of Oklahoma: "At the present time I can see no available candidate who can so well carry out a liberal and progressive administration as President Roosevelt. To me the solving of our problems in the interest of the people means more than adherence to any precedent; hence, I shall waive my inherent prejudice against any person being elected three times in favor of the election of a candidate who, in my opinion, will continue to carry out liberal and progressive policies."

Other Senators - - "No"

PATRICK A. McCARRAN, Democrat, of Nevada, who withstood an Administration effort to unseat him in 1938: "By and large the people of this country are opposed to the third term for the President. That opposition is founded on history and no President, notwithstanding his ability and personality, has been able to break it down. I do not think it can

be broken down in 1940 despite the outstanding popularity of President Roosevelt."

EDWARD R. BURKE, Democrat, of Nebraska: "In the light of prevailing trends, should the third-term tradition be broken in 1940, no man can safely predict the fate of our form of government. . . .

"A single six-year term would allow sufficient time for a President to



George V. Denny, Jr.

work out his program, would eliminate to some extent the disturbing influence of more frequent elections upon business conditions, would enable an administration to maintain full efficiency throughout its term without being distracted by a campaign for re-election, would minimize the evils of a political bureaucracy and would check the trend toward a centralization of power and a consequent weakening of our form of government."

GUY M. GILLETTE, Democrat, of Iowa: "I am against a third term as a matter of principle, not as a matter of opposition to Roosevelt. I have repeatedly said that I would not vote for my own father for a third term nomination. No man in the nation is so big that there is not some one else among 130,000,000 people who can take his place."

Oswald Garrison Villard

Author, long editor of The Nation, liberal weekly.

"I am absolutely opposed to Franklin D. Roosevelt or anybody else running for a third term and I should

consider the breaking of the anti-third term tradition at this stage of the world's lunge towards dictatorships treachery to the Republic. I am sorry to take this position because I am a New Dealer and because I am personally fond of Franklin Roosevelt. But my stand has absolutely nothing to do with personalities; it has to do with the conviction that, if you open the way to a third term, there is no reason why you shouldn't give a man a fourth term or a fifth. In other words, you are opening the way to dictatorship. It is the precedent of which I am so much afraid. We must not open the way for others less high-minded, less scrupulous, less devoted to the public welfare than Mr. Roosevelt, to lead us toward the destruction of the Republic.

"Finally, I do not believe that any one man in the United States is essential to any cause—the New Deal or any other. If a cause depends upon one man for its success, then there must be something wrong with it. Of course the New Deal will go on whether Mr. Roosevelt is in the White House or not. Its growth and development may be checked for a while by his retirement, but that is much more to be preferred than exposing the Republic itself to dictatorship."

Other Authors - - "Yes"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: "My hunch is that F. D. R. will run again; that he will be elected; that there will be a hurlyburly about it all; and that by the time we are sixty years old we'll be glad it happened."

"A man who has started so many experiments—some of them a bit gaga, some very fine—is under a private obligation to keep trying. He has had an expensive education at the public charge, and we have a right to expect dividends on it."

"Moreover, the spiritual and temperamental upheaval caused in many Tory bosoms would be advantageous. Continued economic brouhaha would be disturbing. The advantages, in an adult nation, would outweigh the disadvantages."

"Other possible advantages of a third term: some continuity of policy, and the angina pectoris of the standpatriots. Possible disadvantages: too strong a diffusion of partisan office holders."

"I find no principle involved. Government should always be a matter of

expediency foremost. It is so in well-governed communities—e. g., bees, wasps, ants, beavers."

H. L. MENCKEN: "I am for the re-election of Roosevelt for a third term. He ought to be made to bury his own dead horse. It would be cruel and unusual punishment to permit any one else to take over the autopsy."

Mayor Edward J. Kelly

Of Chicago, Democrat, in a speech Aug. 12 before the National Convention of the Young Democratic Clubs, Pittsburgh.

"The young democracy must marshal its forces and say to the President now:

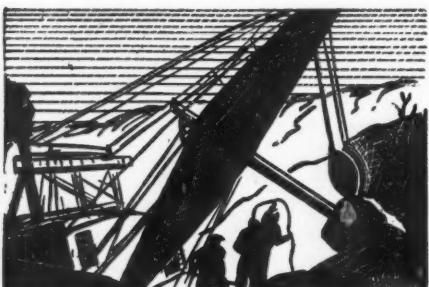
"We want an answer to our prayers and hope. We want to face the future unafraid. You told us once that you had enlisted 'for the duration.' In this economic war against starvation and unemployment and in this social struggle against insecurity, Mr. President, we demand that you continue as Commander-in-Chief of our liberal humanitarian government.

"You have lost the right to your own personal life. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to the people and the people want your continued leadership. We want your steady voice to plead our cause. We want your steady head and hands to guide us in the American way that we should go. We want you to stay on in the fight to insure more work and more wages, to create more opportunities for men and women on the bottom. Mr. President, the young democracy will not take 'No' for an answer."

Robert H. Jackson

Solicitor General, Department of Justice, in a speech to the Young Democrats, Aug. 11.

"The people who are demanding Roosevelt in person do so not only



from personal loyalty but also because they feel that this is the only way they will have a chance to express themselves for a continuance of his social philosophy, which they regard as the vital issue of American democracy today. . . .

"It is idle talk of our democracy serving our people unless it is led by a strong President. There have been generations which did not appear to need strong leadership. They were lucky enough to live in times when the drift of the current gave them all the direction that was necessary, and any middle-of-the-roader or no one at all could safely occupy the White House.

"But these are not and cannot be such times.

"The youth of America will not again be satisfied with mediocrity in its leaders or cowardice in its programs. It has heard the voice of the greatest leader of men in our time. Whether he personally will accept a continued leadership, people of this land simply will not allow the retirement of the courage, the vision, and the ideals of social justice and economic fair play which they have learned from Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Frank Murphy

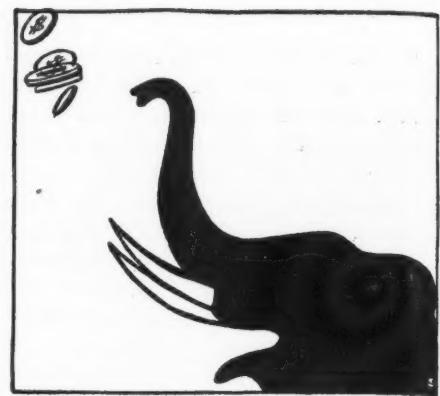
Attorney General in the Roosevelt Cabinet.

"The President has been the outstanding emergency leader in the history of our country. I personally hope very much that he can or would consent to continue, for I know no one with his attributes for leadership, courage and ability to fight for the people who are hemmed in by autocratic power, and it is his kind of leadership the country needs."

Other Cabinet Members - - "Yes"

HAROLD L. ICKES, Secretary of the Interior: "It is not too much to say that if Jefferson were President today he would consent to run for a third term in order to defeat economic royalism or fascism. It is my firm conviction that only in the continuance of triumphant liberalism in this country can there be any real assurance of our ability to withstand fascism.

"In principle I fail to see why any man is qualified to thirty years in



Congress while a man of equal or greater ability should be limited to eight years in the White House even although, by common consent, he is the man best qualified to carry on."

HARRY L. HOPKINS, Secretary of Commerce: "First, last and all the time, my choice for President in 1940 is Franklin D. Roosevelt and I believe that a great mass of the people agree with me. The New Deal is going right ahead and one of the first things to do is to control the next Democratic convention; I am confident that the President and other liberals will be in the majority."

Henry Sloane Coffin

President, Union Theological Seminary.

"I oppose a third term in principle. I think such power as the President confers should not be in one man's hands for more than two terms.

"Moreover, I think Mr. Roosevelt has stood the strain of office long enough, and should not risk another four years. I also think he has shown all the ingenuity of which he is capable, and has made too many enemies to be able to put through much more legislation."

Other Religious Leaders - - "No"

MORRIS S. LAZARON, Rabbi of Baltimore Hebrew Congregation: "The Congress coalition of partisan politics and personal jealousy has done more to foster and promote a third term for Mr. Roosevelt than anything the President himself could say or do. It is natural for a leader to wish to carry through what he has started. Yet I wish Mr. Roosevelt would come out with an unqualified statement that he does not want and

will not accept renomination. Millions of voters in both parties who believe in the social objectives of the Administration, even though they may criticize much of the detail of its legislative framework, millions who see only disaster in the reaction that is running like a rip tide, would be relieved by such an action of the President to find the issues lifted above personality and sharply defined.

"The President, by yielding to the sound American tradition against a third term, will thereby place himself in the strongest possible position to further the general welfare without laying himself open to the charge of playing politics. He will be more powerful than he is today and could act not only as leader but as conciliator. That is what we need if we are to keep the nation united. Nothing so strengthens a man's influence with men as when they know he has no personal axe to grind."

RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Pastor, Christ Church (Methodist Episcopal), New York: "Although I do not regard it as fair play to use the pulpit for the discussion of partisan political questions, I feel free to say through the columns of *CURRENT HISTORY* that I am against a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. Admitting that his dynamic personality and creative imagination put heart into our country in 1933, I believe that the present time calls for a different leadership. The confidence needed now will come not through starting new experiments, but through a show of economy and balanced budgets. My hope is that Mr. Roosevelt will step gracefully out of the campaign and then from the sidelines use his personal popularity to prevent the forces of reaction from undoing all the social gains of the last decade.

"Regardless of Mr. Roosevelt, I am opposed to the third term in principle. With the extension of government control and with the enlargement of executive activities, the lengthening of the presidential term puts too much power and temptation into the hands of one man. Furthermore, we are in the middle of no emergency which makes it dangerous to swap horses. And let us hope no such emergency will arise."

Now What's YOUR Opinion?

Address letters to George V. Denny, Jr., *CURRENT HISTORY*, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Letters

FROM READERS OF

What's YOUR Opinion?

To the Editor: Democracy IS putting men back to work! We saw idle men—we saw jobs that needed doing—we spoke through channels already devised by Democracy and said, "Put those men to work. Build us schools. Dig us sewers. Make us broad highways. Span that river with steel. Harness that flowing power. Make playgrounds for our children. Bring us arts and music. Put those men to work!" And on a scale never dreamed of before Democracy put men to work—millions of them—at jobs we wanted done. Millions of men who had no place when Democracy had ebbed low.

Recent years have seen an unprecedented growth in the number of public servants we have put to work to provide services we need and could never have except through public agencies. We are calling upon city, state, and nation—*institutions of our own devising*—for an increasing variety and amount of services. "Give us better schools. Assemble needed information. Make our highways safer. Bring us more pure water. Save our fertile soil." Democracy puts men to work.

Perhaps the most nearly democratic organism we have is the Rochdale co-operative. Farmers uniting to produce and distribute feed and fertilizer. Users of gasoline and oil establishing their own distribution plants—purchasing clubs growing into cooperative stores. Throughout the retrenchment years of the depression, the cooperative has steadily increased its payroll.

Democracy is not a form of government; it is a spirit that motivates the action of men. The form of government that encourages Democracy to flourish does not of itself guarantee that it will function. Democracy functions fully in a small group here, a large group there; it functions partially in many places. Where Democracy is functioning men are going back to work.

LESLIE E. BROWN

To the Editor: Can Democracy Put Men Back To Work? Yes, but it must be a true Democracy, not one of a quasi nature which we now have. By this I mean that until we supplement our political freedom with economic equality we only go half way. As long as a relatively small number of individuals own and control most of our wealth and resources all our boastings of political democracy become empty words.

We apparently are going to have to set some definite limit on individual holdings of wealth; we just cannot reconcile the feudalistic practice of large personal fortunes with democracy. All figures seem to show that this trend toward concentration of wealth in the hand of the few has become intensified under the New Deal.

Until we have a truer democracy in its economic as well as its political aspect, to take up the consumption slack in our business balance-wheel I do not believe that we can look to much improvement in the unemployment problem.

E. G. DOERN HOEFER

To the Editor: That democracies are more inept than other forms of government is not borne out by history or facts. There is no difference in the power wielded by any government leader. The difference is that the democratic leader's use of power is subject to review at stated periods, a dictator's only when it becomes intolerable and provokes a revolution, a remote possibility that does not usually enter into his calculations. Because governmental power is equal there is nothing a dictator can do that a democracy cannot do, although perhaps more slowly. But this slowness tends to keep action on a reasoned, sound basis, the speed of the dictator tends toward a choice of expedients which relieve, but do not permanently cure.

This democratic need for discussion, consideration and agreement is all to the good in economic change. Economic systems are not laws to be changed at will; they are outward expressions of a way of life, are inherent in the individual.

DONALD G. STEWART

To the Editor: Can Democracy put men back to work? Yes. It has put one million teachers to work in its public schools. It has put to work some three million in its postal service, highway construction, forest conservation, river and harbor controls and betterments.

Democracy can put every employable citizen to work in the production, conservation, process, transport and distribution of foods, clothing, shelter, hospitalization and sundry services to man, if it will acquire and dedicate to public use the land, resources, power plants and shop equipment on and in which they need to be employed. Without ownership of post offices, roads, school buildings, waterways and forests, democracy would be helpless to employ so many as it now does.

Those private adventurers who now own the means of wealth production and distribution, on whom our people have relied for employment, can no longer afford employment because they are bound by the law of accretion, growth and expansion by profit, which is capitalism. This law demands of them that they fight off every cost demand, of which wages and taxes are greatest, if they are to survive.

But the survival of capitalism is not essential to democracy. Cooperative enterprise may serve us as well and it is not subject to capital demands that restrict wealth production and employment to profitability.

WILL EVERETT

To the Editor: I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and like it very much. I wish to present a thought on the subject of the unemployed.

To me it seems to be a question rather easily answered. Our corporations are not able to employ workers because there is such a lack of purchasing power among them. I believe our employers are not able to shorten hours to what would be necessary to give work to every worker now without a job. As far as money is concerned, there is plenty to loan to every concern worthy of credit, and being the most productive people ever known, we now can produce more goods in six months than we have money to buy back in a year. The problem therefore is to so shorten hours that all can be put back to work.

DR. L. B. HAWES

BUSINESS

KING COTTON IN TROUBLE

BLAIR BOLLES

FOR more than a century, America controlled the world cotton supply. The white bolls grown in Georgia and other Southern states were spun across the seas in Lancashire and worn as robes by Chinese on the other side of the globe. Long before the Civil War, indeed even after the World War, cotton was the chief American crop and America's foremost export commodity. It was the foundation of the South's economy, supporting thousands of farmers, ginners, merchants and exporters.

Now, however, the United States has such vigorous rivals for the cotton export markets which she once considered her own that she is crying for mercy. In the cotton year ended July 31, 1939, American cotton exports amounted to 3,362,000 bales, the smallest figure since 1882. In 1937-38 they were 5,672,000 bales. From 1923 to 1933 they averaged 7,553,000 bales. But while the American share of it grows smaller, world consumption has increased by 3,000,000 bales since 1932.

Weeks ago, therefore, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace invited representatives of nine governments, besides our own, to meet in a World Cotton Conference in Washington during the first week in September. The ostensible purpose of the conference is to divide the world cotton market among the ten countries and their dependencies by establishing an export quota system, fixing the world trade, as the trade in rubber and tin and sugar now is fixed, by international agreement. But an additional purpose of the United States is to stabilize that share of the market which we have left before our rivals can reduce it further. It was our fear when we invited foreign delegates to attend the conference that they would listen politely to the American arguments, discuss the ramifications of the cotton trade, and then, without having done more than talk or listen, leave for home, to try to enlarge even further their own various shares of the world market. We realized that two considerations

would tend to keep these cotton exporting nations from participating in a stabilizing agreement: first, they would find it difficult to explain to their different peoples why they agreed to limit the expansion of a profitable commerce; secondly, their invasion of the American cotton market, at its peak last year, represented the climax of an historic trend, which had its origin almost forty years ago. In President Roosevelt's famous phrase, they might say, "We planned it that way."

For years the cotton growers of the American South and the cotton spinners of the English northwest were almost as interdependent as citizens of one country. But about 1900 the English grew restive at the thralldom of one of their great industries to a single group of foreign agriculturists. The American habit of reducing cotton acreage after a low-price season (this was a voluntary operation long before the A.A.A. instituted government-dictation of acreage) disturbed England's continuity of supply for her mills. England therefore began a search for other sources. She found that such developing lands as Brazil, Peru and Argentina, which were assuming consequence as consumers of processed cotton, might well produce—and they later did produce—raw cotton. Gradually, the all-importance of American planters to cotton manufacturers diminished. The World War quickened the American commerce temporarily (in 1919 the cotton crop here was worth \$2,000,000,000 to its growers), but the years of the New Deal have recorded its decline.

Yet the dilemma which induced Secretary Wallace to call the World Cotton Conference coincides not so much with the New Deal as with the depression. The decline of buying power traceable to the post-1929 crisis was reflected in great surpluses of cotton. President Hoover initiated and Secretary Wallace continued the policy of making loans to growers on their cotton when the price was

so low that there was no profit in selling it. Today the government holds in warehouses more than 11,000,000 bales as collateral for loans—loans made as long ago as 1931 and as recently as 1938, loans of \$560,894,986, loans which really are gifts. The government is not free except by special act to sell its cotton security.

This warehoused cotton is a standing price-depressant, a supply almost the equivalent of the whole new crop moving to market, which is just below 12,000,000 bales. Together the loans and the early New Deal crop-control program have contributed to the plight of our overseas cotton commerce and offered America's cotton rivals the opportunity which interested the Lancashire mill men forty years ago—to challenge American supremacy.

When our acreage-reduction policy was invoked in 1933, the United States still held at least its accustomed percentage share of the export market; the chief consumption trouble lay at home. Now the home market flourishes, but our foreign sales are comparatively slight—we control less than half the world market, three fourths of which once was ours. The lessened production which the government decreed encouraged our rivals to increase production, and government loans have kept off the market thousands of bales which foreign manufacturers would have been glad to buy. For all the great surpluses, we have on hand the smallest amount of free cotton—cotton subject to sale—that we have had in many years, fewer than 3,500,000 bales. This is 42 per cent less than at this time last year and 34 per cent below the last ten years' average.

Egypt, British India, and Brazil have found especial advantage in our recent cotton policy. England bought 1,521,000 bales from us in 1937-38, 394,000 in 1938-39. At the same time India increased her sales to England by 132 per cent, Brazil by 110 per cent, and Egypt kept the envious sales position she had attained the previous year. Yet Secretary Wallace insists on retaining the loan policy, and Cotton Senators, spurred by a warehouseman's lobby, would not let him drop it if he wished to.

"There is a facetious saying in West Texas," Representative Crawford of Michigan recently said, "that if government loans will only hold out for a few years more, there will be

a substantial increase in the value of West Texas farm lands, not for agricultural purposes but as sites for new warehouses in which to store government cotton."

Mr. Wallace is looking into the possibilities of withdrawing some of this warehoused cotton for distribution among the needy through the blue and orange stamp plan already applied to food. Furthermore, to offset the downhill rush of our foreign cotton commerce and to cut further into the national surplus, the Department of Agriculture, the Administration and Congress have combined on four steps:

1. A barter agreement with Great Britain, which will give us British rubber in trade for 600,000 bales of American cotton, to be stored against military needs.

2. A cash sale of 135,000 bales of cotton to France and Switzerland. This goes at \$6 a bale below the world price.

3. An Export-Import Bank operation financing the sale of 250,000 bales of raw cotton to mills in Spain.

4. A 1.5-cent government subsidy for all cotton exported.

"The purpose of this export program," Secretary Wallace explained when it was announced in July, "is to assure the United States its fair share of the world trade in cotton and to do so by restoring the normal competitive position of American cotton in world markets." This announcement was still fresh when the International Cotton Federation, meeting at Zurich, Switzerland, adopted a resolution urging the United States government to consider the "absolute need of returning to customary fundamentals and principles of trading"—in other words, of returning to free competition.

The September conference is a blackjack on which Mr. Wallace, while issuing the invitations to the conference, relied to help make the conferring nations see his point of view. "It is our hope that the need for making export payments will be a temporary one," the Secretary says. "In my opinion, one way to make such a program temporary would be the conclusion of an effective and equitable cotton agreement." Other cotton countries, however, would seem more inclined to fight the American export subsidy with subsidies of their own than to bargain it away. After a long international history, America's cotton future seems to lie at home.



Vitamin Alphabet Going Out of Style

—From Science Service.

The vitamin alphabet, that is, designation of the various vitamins by letter, is going out of style. For example, if you want to be really up-to-date, you must learn to say ascorbic acid instead of vitamin C when you are referring to the substance in orange juice (or other citrus fruits, tomatoes, and other vegetables) which is known to prevent and cure scurvy.

This may be discouraging, especially if you pride yourself on having really learned the vitamin alphabet, or most of it. But the scientists who have most to say about vitamins—the nutritionists and biochemists—are trying their best to get the vitamins out of the alphabet. They make the point that the letters did very well for names in the early days of vitamin discoveries when only a few were known and not much was known about them. Now, however, since there are about as many vitamins as letters of the alphabet, with half-a-dozen going under the name of B, it is confusing and even leads to inaccuracy to call these essential food factors by letter.

Some of the vitamins have been identified chemically and even made synthetically. They have regular names, just as other chemicals have. Vitamin C is ascorbic acid. Thiamin is the beriberi preventing and curing substance that once went under the name of vitamin B or B₁. Nicotinic acid, the stuff that is curing

pellagra, is the chemical that was variously called vitamin B₂, vitamin G and the P-P or pellagra preventing factor. Riboflavin is another diet essential that was once labelled vitamin B or vitamin G. Recent discoveries have shown that it is necessary for the health of both man and other animals.

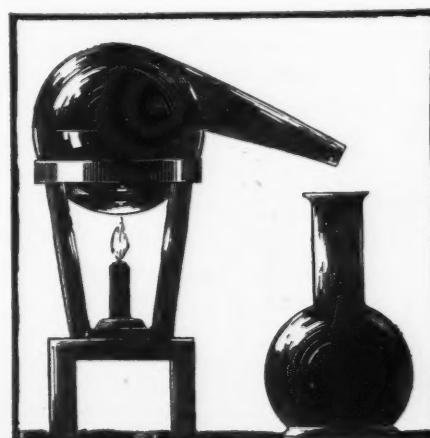
The anti-sterility vitamin, formerly called E, is now known as alpha tocopherol. Vitamins A and D may keep their letter names for some time, because there is not so much confusion about them as about the B vitamins. Until the chemical composition of other vitamins is discovered, however, scientists favor calling them by descriptive names, not by letters.

Ice Water Fears Are Groundless

—Condensed from the *Rockford, Illinois, Register-Republic*.

The American Medical Association has dispelled one of America's best established gastronomic doctrines: that drinking ice water on hot days invites indigestion, if nothing worse. Says the Association: "There is no reliable evidence that ice water causes chronic injury." These are comforting words for people in good health who drink ice water on hot days and feel very uncomfortable about it, remembering how they were warned against it in childhood. The medicos assert further that "ice water taken in large quantities with a meal probably, through coolness, slows down gastric digestion for a few minutes, but this is probably of little significance." The statement adds that, although tepid or warm water meets the real needs of the body, it fails to give the impression of supplying immediate refreshment. With this assurance people who prefer ice water may now continue to drink it and enjoy it with no qualms over possible injury to the digestive system.

The doubters who continually take the joy out of life by warning of ill effects from iced beverages should be silenced effectively. Bring on the hot days!





Chaplin's New Film

—Condensed from The New York Daily Mirror.

The twitching moustache of Charlie Chaplin is more menacing to brush-lipped Hitler today than all the bombs in England.

For the "Little Tramp," who Will Rogers said is better known in Zululand than Garbo is in Arkansas, has taken his cracked, over-sized shoes out of the ether he actually keeps them in between pictures, and has begun shooting "The Great Dictator."

Chaplin spent the last three years writing "The Great Dictator," or "A Story of a Little Fish in a Shark Infested Ocean." If he sticks to the script he will still use the ageless character of the pathetic Little Tramp with battered derby, the baggy pants and flippant cane. But he will also risk his reputation by deviating from the character to talk and play a serious role—the Dictator Hinkle.

In the story Charlie returns home from the war, in which he shouldered arms for his native country. "Ptomania," against the "Alliars" to find that "Furor Hinkle" is absolute boss of the land. Hinkle's partner in crime is rival dictator Musemup, who orders his soldiers to stop all traffic when he wants to tell smutty stories.

Because of his amazing resemblance to the "Furor," Charlie gets into all sorts of trouble, winds up in a concentration camp, escapes dressed as a storm trooper. He is mistaken for the "Furor," takes his place, has "Hinkle" thrown into a concentration camp, and then with his Air Minister "Herring," starts a war against the neighboring country "Vanilla."

The dream ends when Charlie wakes up in his prison with an evil-faced storm trooper leering down at him.

Chaplin is doing more than risking the character he has nurtured for over 27 years. He can add up beforehand all the tremendous losses involved in having "The Great Dictator" barred from Italy and Germany, most of South America, almost cer-

tainly in Spain, Portugal and Poland, and possibly in England if appeasement becomes the fashion again. Japan will be an open question. The Japanese are warmly devoted to Chaplin, and on his birthday always parade through Tokyo in a ritual carrying a hundred different figures of the comic Little Tramp.

But if "The Great Dictator" could be shown in Germany, or in the countries feared by or sympathetic to the Nazis, Hitler would have to quit—or shave off his moustache.

Charles Chaplin and Adolf Hitler, interestingly enough, were born in April 1889, and within four days of each other.

Chaplin has never overcome completely the oppressive memories of his childhood poverty. He was born in a London East End boarding house. He is not Jewish. His father was a poor music hall baritone, his mother a half-French gypsy. She died in a London poorhouse.

Moses: Idealist In Action

(Continued from page 28)

"Rabble," snarled Smith. "That's me!" Finally, after the case had been in court twenty-five times, August Heckscher donated \$262,000 to the State to buy the land. Not long afterward, it became Heckscher State Park—with camp sites, bridle paths and swimming facilities for seventeen hundred people.

In 1927 Smith made Moses his Secretary of State. It was Moses' first paying job. He worked diligently at it but kept one eye on Long Island, on which he concentrated again in 1929 when Roosevelt, replacing Smith as Governor, disregarded the latter's plea that Moses be retained in the cabinet.

HOWEVER valuable Moses might have been as Secretary of State, his release was a boon to New Yorkers. Since 1924 he had been working toward what was to be his most popular project—Jones Beach. Now that he was free, he saw it through.

When he chose this spot, it was a desolate stretch of sand and grass—the seaward side of a heavy sand bar off Long Island—accessible only by boat. Moses was convinced that it could be made into a first-rate beach resort. By 1931 he had wrangled enough land for a parkway approach. Next he argued with the State for an appropriation. He got a pitifully small one, but used it cleverly. He did not try to make it go a long way; he put every cent of it into the foundation for a bathhouse—the kind of a bath-house he wanted. Then he invited the legislators to inspect his work. They swallowed hard and voted him some real money—\$15,000,000.

Today Jones Beach, thirty-three miles from New York by parkway and bridge (following the sign of the sea-horse), is conceded to be the finest place of its kind in the world. It offers two miles of spotless sand, two big brick bath-houses with fifteen thousand lockers, and parking space for fifteen thousand cars. There are moderate-priced restaurants, swimming pools, paddle-tennis courts, handball courts, archery ranges, rinks for outdoor roller-skating, and an amphitheatre for light opera.

In short, Mr. Moses put his heart into Jones Beach. The results are impressive. This past summer more than 4,000,000 people visited it—30,000 on weekdays, 60,000 on Saturdays, 120,000 on Sundays. In its ten and one-half years of existence, it has never had a drowning case, perhaps because there is a life guard every fifty yards along the shore, and if you look the least bit uncomfortable he comes galloping out to retrieve you.

Tolls from the three approaching causeways to Jones Beach, and the parking lot (25 cents), support maintenance and each year leave about \$300,000 over.

By 1933 Moses had gained so sound a reputation that he decided to go after the Fusion nomination for Mayor of New York. But in New York City the powerful Samuel Seabury refused to back him, suspecting a move to get Moses' Tammany friend Al Smith into the picture again. Moses thereupon bowed out and supported Fiorello LaGuardia.

After the election LaGuardia gave Moses the pick of city jobs. He snapped up that of Park Commissioner, insisting on certain conditions: the parks of all the City's five

boroughs were to be under his control, and the five commissioners who had run them (for \$62,000 in salaries) were to be removed. Moses would do the job for \$10,000, and expected the co-operation of the entire City. The conditions were met. Moses wrote in longhand a detailed outline of his plans for New York City and gave it to the Mayor. He says he has followed it to the letter.

He started this new chapter in his career with an inheritance of sixty-nine thousand relief workers and \$182,000,000 of relief funds. But the men were without tools or reliable supervisors. In three days, after a threat to resign, Moses got the tools, plus five hundred hand-picked non-relief supervisors, and the first of eighteen hundred projects was under way. Governor Lehman, aware that Moses was then one of the few men with definite ideas on how to use relief funds, made him head of New York State's Emergency Public Works Commission, and Moses, with characteristic thoroughness, planned projects for every part of the State.

In the fall of 1934 Moses took his first real tumble. He ran against Lehman for the Governorship—to hold the Republican Party together, he says. Whatever his motives or ambitions, the campaign was a little like the Dempsey-Tunney fights. Moses swung from the floor and Lehman avoided the blows.

After a frightful drubbing at the polls Moses returned to his job on New York City's parks. He found them in miserable condition. Buildings, bridges and fences were falling apart. Trees and grass were dying. The zoos were firetraps. The animals were frowsy and undernourished, and elderly keepers sat about with shotguns on their knees to kill them in case of fire. Playgrounds were unsafe and usually closed.

MOSSES set out to renovate the city's 119 parks, build more than 300 new ones. He snatched land right and left, began building before anyone knew what was happening. He condemned a four-block tenement area on the lower east side for a giant playground, and when landlords and bankers hailed him into court, he licked them by putting neighborhood mothers on the stand. Their testimony was simple: "We don't want our children killed in the street."

In parks already existing, Moses

kicked out chiselling concessionaires or forced them to charge fair prices. In Central Park he cleaned out an ancient sheep-fold and erected the Tavern-on-the-Green, where people can now dine, dance and drink, indoors or out, at moderate prices. He completely rebuilt the zoo, fertilized the grass and doctored the trees. Today Central Park is one of the city's major prides.

Where there wasn't room for a whole new park, Moses built tennis courts, swimming pools and baseball diamonds. One run-down legacy was Jacob Riis Park, in Brooklyn. He lengthened its beach, put up new bath-houses, tied it to one of his nearby parkways. Finally it became a pocket-edition of Jones Beach. Up on Pelham Bay, Moses reclaimed a great tract of sand and swamp and made it into Orchard Beach, now accessible by subway or auto and drawing two million visitors a year.

Perhaps Moses' most extraordinary feat on Manhattan Island was the construction of the West Side Express Highway. Running along the Hudson River front from Canal Street to the George Washington Bridge, it provides New York with a long-needed northern exit to Westchester. It had been talked about for at least fifty years, but Moses made it a reality. Under his hand this waterfront fringe turned from a dirty dump and runway for the N. Y. Central Railroad into a grass and concrete ribbon which speeds motorists the ten-mile length of the island in twenty-five minutes. The trains continue to run, but are hidden beneath the highway. Ramshackle

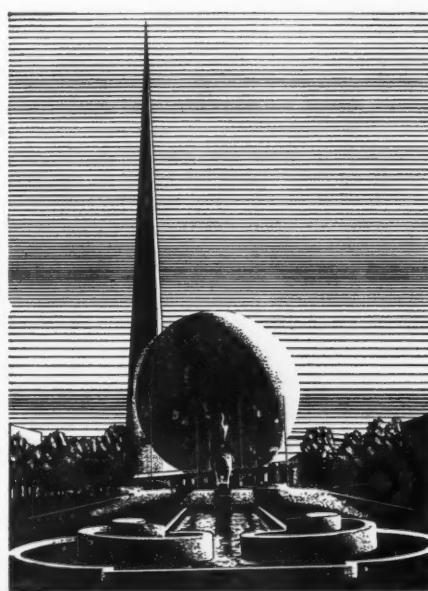
wharfs have become yacht basins. Muddy lots have turned to shaded parks.

ON the other side of Manhattan, in the famed "Dead End" locale, Moses is building a similar highway, which, when finished, will connect with the great Triborough Bridge he flung across the East and Harlem Rivers three years ago. His concern with that bridge was close and at times exciting. Mayor LaGuardia made him head of the Triborough Bridge Authority in 1933. Forthwith, Harold Ickes, disliking to see an ardent anti-New Dealer with \$44,000,000 of P.W.A. funds at his disposal, issued Order 129, forbidding city job holders a controlling voice on a project using such funds. Moses threatened to resign as Park Commissioner to keep the T.B.A. job, but the press and the public made such a howl in his behalf that the Ickes order was rescinded.

New York City augmented the P.W.A. grant with another \$16,000,000, and Moses started work in November 1933, promising the bridge would be finished by July 1, 1936. He kept an average of one thousand men working steadily and lived up to his promise. Today the bridge connects three of New York's five boroughs—Manhattan, Bronx and Queens. In reality, it consists of four bridges over water and twelve over land, with fourteen miles of highway approach—a total road surface of seventeen and a half miles. Spare land around and beneath the bridges has been converted into tennis courts, baseball diamonds and playgrounds. And in passing, Mr. Moses reached out to turn nearby Randall's Island into a recreation center with an amphitheatre and floating stage for theatrical productions.

The Triborough Bridge was built with such economy that it was refinanced by private bond issue at a profit of \$1,365,000 to the federal government. Its upkeep is covered by revenue from a 25 cent toll, and there is enough extra income to insure its being completely paid for in twenty-five years.

Long before this bridge was finished, Moses was looking for a way to connect it with the Northern State Parkway, one of his main traffic arteries on Long Island. There seemed to be only one answer: to build a link road through that vast, steaming,



malodorous waste known variously as Corona Dump and Flushing Meadow. Every inch of the dump would have to be reclaimed; to travel on a road through it would be a most unpleasant experience. But such large-scale reclamation seemed prohibitively expensive.

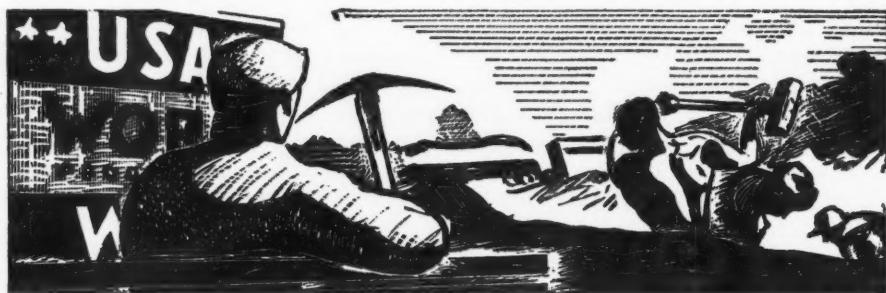
Soon, however, there was talk of a World's Fair. Moses bided his time. Searching for a Fair site, the promoters finally came to him. He licked his chops over this meeting in an article he wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post*: "I welcomed them with open arms. The Fair was the obvious bait for the reclamation of the meadow. I told the Fair enthusiasts that the Flushing Meadow was the only place in New York where they could get any co-operation from the Park Department while I was its head."

In the end, he forced the Fair promoters not only to build on the Meadow, but to install permanent sewerage and water systems, to leave permanent structures for an athletic field house and a boat house, and to give him a lien on the Fair's first \$2,000,000 in profits, with which he will clean the place up, build the City a fine new park and finish his parkway to the bridge. It was a hard bargain, but the Fair officials cannot really complain. Last year Moses erected the \$17,785,000 Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, fourth longest in the world, which provides a direct route to the Fair for Westchester and New England.

All these highways and bridges are part of a larger plan. Out around the southwestern rim of Long Island and Brooklyn, Moses has been building what he calls the Circumferential Parkway. One arm sweeps up eastward and will connect with the parkway leading off the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge. Another arm reaches around the tip of Brooklyn to come within swimming distance of lower Manhattan, where the West Side Highway begins. When the gaps are closed up, there will be a smooth road belt around the whole of Manhattan and Brooklyn. The remaining work on this project will cost \$28,000,000. It will encompass thirty-three miles of parkway with sixty-nine bridges. The only gap likely to cause trouble is that between Brooklyn and lower Manhattan. It was over this that Moses and the War Department recently clashed. Moses is convinced that his bridge project was rejected

without regard to its merits, that the tunnel favored by his opponents would never pay back its cost—\$80,000,000—and that it couldn't carry enough traffic to justify building it anyway. Against this, he stacks his \$44,000,000 bridge and its ability to carry just twice as many cars each year. As for the fear that the bridge might some day be bombed from the air, he says it's nonsense and that the army engineers who first saw his

New York would like to tell Moses the same thing. He has built good, useful and beautiful things for his community, and his community appreciates them. True, part of his success lies in his having many millions of dollars available, much of it lies in the breath-taking speed and sureness with which he functions. Mayor LaGuardia went to the condemned old Federal Building to take the first crack at it and found that Moses had



plans never even raised the issue except to say that it was irrelevant.

Meanwhile, Moses is hardly at a loss for things to do. For one thing, he is keeping in touch with the jittery inhabitants of Fire Island, a flimsy sand barrier off Long Island that was brutally battered in last September's hurricane. Two years before the storm Moses had feared for that land and made an outline of the work necessary to protect it. He wanted to build a forty-three-mile bulkhead parkway from end to end, dredge a few million tons of sand from the landward bay to reinforce the island and create a new channel, build three new state parks and erect four bridges across to Long Island. Fire Island and Long Island, now hurricane-conscious, no longer consider Moses an alarmist, but still hesitate to make the \$10,000,000 investment his program requires. "But they'll come around," says Moses, "or else"

The Commissioner has other interests, also. Last November he presented an elaborate report on how he thought New York's housing plan should be handled. It made a violent splash among housing authorities. Moses has a lot of faith in it and means to follow through.

Driving in his car one day, Moses pulled up for a traffic light. A truck stopped beside him and the driver leaned out. "Ain't you Commissioner Moses?" he asked. "Well, I just want to tell you you're doin' a swell job on them parks."

Most people who live in or around

already wrecked the whole interior.

No one understands just why Moses devotes his life to public service. He says, "Damned if I know." Certainly it is not to win wealth. The City Park Commissionership is still his only salaried job. It now brings him \$13,500 a year, and on that, plus an independent income from inheritances, he lives comfortably in a New York apartment (overlooking the Triborough Bridge) with his wife and two daughters.

ON the subject of politics, he is opinionated and articulate. He pledges allegiance to the Republican party. The New Deal, he apparently feels, is a noble attempt at progress, but wretchedly administered.

Personally he is likeable, full of nervous energy, and with an active—often caustic—sense of humor. He talks forcefully, sometimes eloquently, and, as often as not, in barnyard idiom. He likes to take pot-shots at people who have opposed him. It is natural that a man who operates at his pace and with his tactics should have made enemies. Perhaps he sometimes exaggerates their numbers.

He has been working himself and his staff twelve hours a day for many years, and has tremendous visible accomplishments to show for it. He is making a mark—distinctive and lasting—on the face of the world's biggest city. His monument will be the beaches and playgrounds and highways—and the parks in which monuments to lesser men are exhibited.

Problem Child of the Pacific

(Continued from page 35)

ion" status, or perhaps prolonging the present "Commonwealth" government.

Various trial balloons have been sent aloft by President Quezon, Vice-President Osmeña, and former High Commissioner McNutt. A new Resident Commissioner to the United States Congress—Señor Juan Elizalde, of the wealthy, polo-playing Spanish family—has appeared in Washington. Of course, a retreat, if such is indicated, must be made most carefully. After all—"absolute, complete, and immediate" independence has been a time-honored shibboleth.

To take up these solutions in reverse order: It appears that the third—a Dominion, or Commonwealth, status—is the one some Filipino politicians would like most to see effected. It is also the one involving the most danger for the United States. It keeps us in the Far East, but in the same indefinite position which we have always occupied. It would give most of the authority to the Filipinos, and most of the responsibility to the United States.

As for "giving up independence," there is little likelihood that Congress will reconsider the political provisions of the Tydings-McDuffie Act. Many Congressmen have already expressed themselves on this point.

There is a greater chance for the first-named solution. To study the economic situation, a Joint Committee of Philippine and American experts was appointed some eighteen months ago. This committee made a trip to Manila, held hearings, and has submitted a voluminous and comprehensive report.

The report recommended no change in the date—1946—for the political independence of the Islands, but it did recommend modification of the tariff provisions of the Tydings-McDuffie law, so that the application of full United States duties would occur most gradually over a period of twenty years. This plan, the Committee feels, would so "cushion" the change that the Islands would have plenty of time to find new products or new markets. The Committee further recommends the consideration

of reciprocal trade relations with the United States and generous American quota allowances for Philippine products after 1960.

It is likely that, sooner or later, the present independence law will be changed in some respects—probably in line with the Joint Committee's report. If war should come before 1946, there is a better than even chance that we would garrison the Islands and perhaps be willing to see them revert to the status of a colony.

Japan is not likely to threaten until after 1946. The Japanese have a healthy respect for the United States. They may test us out at times, as in the *Panay* case, but they are just as likely to back down quickly if we remain firm, as in that same incident.

However, Japan's expansionist activities are too well known for anyone to feel that neutrality for an independent Philippines can be guaranteed.

If we could make up our minds on our Far Eastern policy, probably we could decide what to do about the Philippines. We deplore Japan's activities on the Continent, but we do not keep any real force in the Far East to back up our righteous attitude. Although we want prestige in the Far East, we refuse to go to the necessary limits to make that prestige unassailable.

What makes this problem all the harder for American military and naval strategists is the well-known



American propensity for humanitarian indignation. If popular sentiment supports the Administration's challenges to Japan over her Chinese policies, how much more would it support an American effort to halt Japanese aggression in the Philippines? Would not a few days of well-edited propaganda about our duties to our little brown brothers, our sympathy for the oppressed, our pride in our prestige, take us scurrying back across the broad Pacific to get the Filipinos out of whatever jam they might be in?

It is idle to predict a solution to the Philippine problem. But it is safe to say that it is a problem which is not yet solved.

Paul V. McNutt

(Continued from page 32)

be destroyed. The things we counted on, our aspirations to point the way to a new benign colonialism, our handicraft, will perish.

On the political side, our flag and sovereignty should remain, allowing to the Philippines every ounce of domestic autonomy they can absorb—holding in our own hands foreign affairs, tariffs, immigration, currency, and public debt—scarcely more than marks of the necessary reservation of a dominion.

On the economic side, we should, from time to time, give the Philippines the best trade deal we can without injuring our domestic producers. We must admit the possibility of competition. The present quantity quotas on sugar, coconut oil, and cordage should be retained and if other or new commodities come into competition with homeside products, they also should be restricted with quotas. Our aim should be to assist with capital and men, with good will and such preferences as we can afford, the return to a complementary and reciprocal economy between the United States and the Philippines.

Then there is the problem of military protection. I venture to predict that so long as our flag flies over the Islands no foreign power will trespass, irrespective of the military forces stationed there. So long as our flag flies there, the Philippines will be the cornerstone of peaceful reconstruction in the Far East. I further venture that if our flag comes down, trouble will follow for at least a generation.

'Cross Country by Car

LEWIS GANNETT

STRUTHERS BURT showed me a map which is popular in the West. It is labeled "A New Yorker's Idea of the United States"; and on it New York City and Long Island appear as considerably larger than all the west coast states and New Jersey as bigger than Texas. And he told about one of the greatest of New York editors who thought that Oklahoma was on the Canadian border.

I retorted with the weather reports in *The San Francisco Chronicle*. They appear in two columns, one labeled "Western Stations," which includes California, the other "Eastern Stations," which begins at Salt Lake City and extends eastward. (Salt Lake City, for the benefit of provincial editors and others in New York City, is 785 miles east of San Francisco, a day's ride for a Westerner, and 2,349 miles west of New York City, which is a long way to drive in hot weather.)

It was breakfast time in the cook-house at the Three Rivers Ranch, and conversation about the United States became general. A man from Minnesota told of his son, who successfully passed an examination on Communism in China just before leaving Minnesota for "the West." The boy unpacked his bathing suit on arrival in Wyoming and looked around for the Pacific Ocean. His American school had taught him to locate Hunan and Chungking on the map of Asia, but he did not know how much country the Forty-niners had covered; indeed, he did not know what a covered wagon was.

I remembered my own schooling in Rochester. I could recite the list of all the kings of England before I was graduated from No. 23 School; but the names of Jedediah Smith, Juniper Serra, Crazy Horse, John Augustus Sutter, the Choteaus, Sequoyah and Alexander Sevier meant nothing to me until long after I was out of college; and I had no conception

FIVE years ago Lewis Stiles Gannett, highly rated literary critic of *The New York Herald-Tribune*, motored across America, wrote a book about what he saw, and called it *Sweet Land*. Several weeks ago Mr. Gannett again got behind the wheel in an effort to determine whether there had been much change in the intervening five years. His conclusions this time appeared not in a book but in his regular book review column, providing an out-of-the-ordinary treat for his many readers. They are reprinted herewith by permission of *The New York Tribune, Inc.*

of the romance and majesty of Sam Houston's life until, long afterward, I read Marquis James's *The Raven*.

Driving across America gives one at least a sense of the magnificent distances that separate the sections of this continental America. It gives one also a realization that the twin gods of modern America; the idols to which we pay tithes from Calais, Me., to San Diego, are roads and schools. It is six years since I first drove west and was impressed by the lavish temples being built to education in the most out-of-the-way towns and by the millions poured into concrete ribbons over which so few cars seemed to pass. There is no end to it; dirt roads give way to gravel and gravel to concrete; and in the heart of the desert you see the old winding ribbons of deserted concrete which have given way to broader, straighter highways.

The products of the schools drive those roads at what seems to a timid Easterner to be an alarming pace. Our New York Governor vetoed a fifty-mile speed limit; but in Missouri, in mid-continent, you see signs warning you, because a curve is coming, to slow down to fifty miles an hour. In California the legal limit is forty-five

miles an hour, but on the four-lane highway leading east from Berkeley I rode in the slow lane in a steady procession and watched the fast cars flash past us in the middle lane—then glanced at my own speedometer and discovered that the slow cars were ambling along at sixty-five.

But what do the schools teach, and what do the highways mean to those who travel them? What picture emerges in those schools of the past or of the future of this America so interlaced with concrete highways? What is America to a child of the automobile age?

A BRAND new road links the Jackson Hole country south of Yellowstone Park to the Star Valley on the Idaho border, home of the "best Swiss cheese in America." A bronze plaque, set in a stone monument at Alpine, proclaims to any who stop to read it that "Here in September 1812 the returning Astorians, led by Robert Stuart, were attacked by Indians and their horses stolen. Commemorating the opening of this Snake River Canyon Road built by the Civilian Conservation Corps, dedicated July 4, 1939, by the Historical Landmarks Commission of Wyoming." That is a romantic statement, particularly in a newly settled valley where log cabins are still common, if you have read Washington Irving's *Astoria* or any of a dozen modern retellings of that pioneer effort to colonize the Northwest. But you cannot read it from a moving automobile, and I doubt that the children of the Star Valley learn anything about the Astorians in their schools. They learn how William the Conqueror overcame Harold the Saxon, and are made to read Shakespeare.

The West, of course, is not all of America, though it can be as provincial in its egotism as the worst Bostonian; and I would not rob any

child, old enough to enjoy him, of his Shakespeare. But I could wish for more sense of the continent in American schools and for more signs along the highways like those of Montana—big enough to read without getting out of your car and written in a rip-roaring laughing Americanese.

Hollywood may help—Hollywood and the sound American instinct for the native dramatic. The Westerns were the best of the old films, and the new Westerns—"Union Pacific," "Dodge City," "Stagecoach" and such—are at least better than pious lies about the Pilgrim Fathers.

The vogue of American historical films and novels may be only a passing mode; it may indicate a deepening sense of the continental heritage. As one drives from rolling New England through the smoking Pennsylvania and Ohio towns to the sun-drenched wheat and corn of the Midwest, on through the blue-green cotton fields to the brown Southwest, where Indian and Spanish heritages are still alive, to bastard California, and back through the still vast cattle and sagebrush country that only a generation ago was hostile Indian

territory, however, one wonders how any novelist could gather into one book the mingled strains which make up the past and present of America.

Well, Hollywood is trying. A few days ago we were driving through Utah, that strangely beautiful but almost overpowering state where the lush-green irrigated valleys lie at the foot of weirdly colored and contorted mountains. (Sentimentalists name the mountains after Indian temples, but, though the geographers do not recognize them, the natives have such pleasant names for striped pink and white and chocolate ranges as "Rock Candy Mountains.") At Cedar City, surrounded by traditions of the Mormon settlements, a company of California actors was engaged in filming Walter Edmonds's novel of New York State in the American Revolution, *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Hollywood plus Mormon plus old New York; it ought to be something!

HE was a live-looking boy in his young twenties, and he started talking as he poked the nozzle of the hose into the gas tank. "Nice day for

driving," he said. "How many?"

"Fill it up," I said. "Not much traffic today."

"No, nor last night, either. Drove into town last night and you'd never have known it was a holiday."

"What do you call 'town'?" I asked. "Columbia?" (Columbia was twenty miles west.)

"I never been in Columbia but once in my life," he said. "I meant Fulton, seven miles south."

"How about St. Louis?" I asked. "Do you ever get there?"

"Went through just once, four years ago."

I thought I had discovered the original Missouri stick-in-the-mud. "How'd you happen to get that far away?"

"I was on my way to Texas," he said. I looked surprised. "I don't belong here," he continued. "I was raised in Ohio, but things is slow back there. Oh, I've seen the country, forty-seven states of it. Never been in Florida. I ranched a bit in Texas; I chauffeured in Los Angeles; I ran a shooting gallery in Omaha. Tried it back East again, even up in New England, but I don't like it. I like

South Africa BECKONS—

Dawn on the Mont-aux-Sources, Drakensberg National Park, Natal.



The gardens at top of Adderley Street, Capetown.



Right, Victoria Falls.



• South Africa lures with fascinating sights and unforgettable thrills; Majestic Victoria Falls, Kruger National Park, world's greatest game reserve; the Zimbabwe Ruins, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, native life in Zululand, the gold mines of Johannesburg and diamond-famed Kimberley.

The Cape Province, too, has many attractions, among them the 100-mile Marine Drive, the scenic "Garden Route," and the Cango Caves. And there are glorious mountains and miles of golden beaches! Interesting, also, are Pretoria, seat of the Government, Bloemfontein, rich in historical associations, and thriving Port Elizabeth. Sunny South Africa, with its blue skies and wonderful climate, is a land of all-year-round outdoor sport. Modern transportation facilities take you anywhere with comfort. The hotels are excellent, and South African hospitality is renowned.

SOUTH AFRICA

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Texas best. Some day I'm going back."

"How'd you land here?"

"Oh," he said, "I sort of thought I'd look up the folks, but when I stopped in here I found this fellow needed a hand pretty bad, so I just settled down. Been here ever since."

"How long ago did you settle down here?"

"Seven weeks ago tomorrow." That was what he called "settling down."

He'd worked on the Goodnight Ranch (in the Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle), that Professor Haley described in *Charles Goodnight, Cowman and Plainsman*, but he had never heard of the book. He carried some letters of recommendation in his pocket, admitted that he could do almost anything, and said he could usually pick up some sort of a job. "Never went hungry more'n a day at a time."

He seldom read newspapers, never had time to try a book, sometimes turned on the radio when business was slack, but didn't think much of it. "I'd rather talk to folks," he said. "All sorts of folks come by here."

The tank was full, the windshield clean; he had even checked the tires as he talked. Another car drove up. "Good-by," he said. "Come back soon."

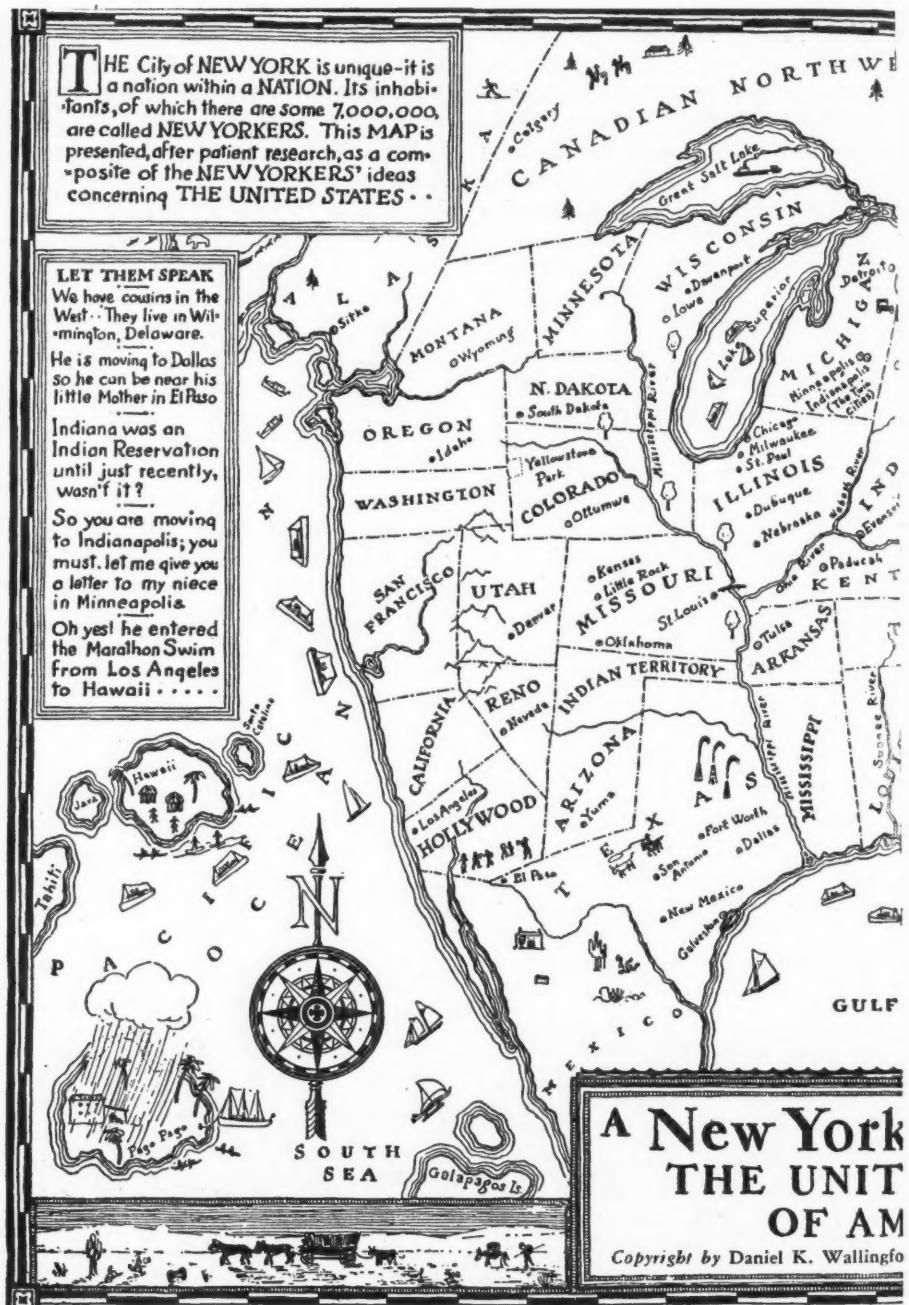
That is the standard filling station adieu in the West, but I took it literally. "Will you be here?" I asked.

He seemed startled by the question. "You never can tell," was his answer.

... You never can tell what you'll find in these United States. One moment you think it's all alike: the same "modernistic" chairs on the same porches in all the comfortable little towns from the Hudson Valley to the Kaw; the same funny hats and toeless shoes on the same frizzled-haired girls parading the same sidewalks from the Bronx to Kansas City; and along the roads the same succession of signs: beer, paint, tires, shoes, coffee shoppes, "modern" cabins, spark plugs, ice cream and the same series of orange Burma Shave signs punctuating the fence posts:

Passing school zones take it slow
Let our little shavers grow.

But the countryside behind the signs is never twice the same. The sheer physical beauty of this country never ceases to amaze me. I grew up in western New York, but I can never fully remember the charm of



the Finger Lakes country. You drive through its rolling hills in poppy time, roll down the pleasant meadowlands of the Wyoming Valley, pause at the canyons of the Genesee, and you wonder what landscape has to do with literature. Thousands gaze on English creeks and hills because English poets have made them beautiful. These American hills await their Wordsworths.

New York State has dotted its roadsides with signs recalling story and history—but the signs are in letters about the right size for horse-and-buggy readers. Drive at forty miles or upward and you cannot read them. Pennsylvania tells you primly why each town received its present name; but place names, even when

Indian, are not always poetry. Ohio does not bother with historic "markers" at all. Remembering Louis Bromfield's *The Farm*, we looked in Mansfield's central park for the statue to Johnny Appleseed. It was not there, and none of the bench warmers knew what we were talking about when we asked for it. The waitress in the Parkway Café had as little knowledge of the father of Ohio's roadside apple trees, but she suspected that a teacher across the aisle would know. After a general café consultation, unanimity was reached: the statue was in another park a mile and a half away.

So America is bored by its past, negligent of poetic tradition? Drive into Greenfield, Ind., and you change



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your mind. The newsboy's face brightens when you ask where is the James Whitcomb Riley house; obviously, he would rather tell you that than sell you a paper.

Greenfield (population 4,188) bought that house with no outside help; Greenfield maintains it; it is Greenfield's pride, as clearly as Hannibal, Mo., is proud of its every Mark Twain relic. Eleven thousand people from forty-eight states and thirty-five foreign countries have visited it, they tell you proudly; but the signatures of which they are proudest are the scrawls of three grandchildren of Little Orphan Annie herself. The custodian remembers Mr. Riley, and recites his folk poetry well and simply; and the furnishing of the house

is as honest as the walnut of which the Hoosier poet's father built the spiral staircase. There isn't a stuffed deer from Canada; a screen from China, or a relic of the Holy Land in it—none of the irrelevant hodge-podge with which so many local museums are crammed.

The trundle bed, the candle moulds, the iron teakettle, the ugly vinegar cruets, the home-made washstand are authentic, simple and evocative. The old folks who visit are most interested in the home stuff that appears in the familiar verses, the custodian assured us; but the school children take most interest in one object which has become locally famous. It is said to be the only one of its kind left in Greenfield; it is a buggy whip.

Times change. So do show pieces. One of the show pieces of Lawrence, Kan., is the stripped Model T in which two journalism students last summer made the trip to Mexico City. The boys differed a bit in their statistics: one reckoned that they had had only seventy-two blowouts on the road, the other said they had had ninety-three flats. They agreed that they had had a wonderful time.

The spirit of adventure is not dead. In another decade some of the schoolboy Model T treks of today will seem as romantic as anything in the covered-wagon days.

WHERE does the East begin? Rolling down the long, straight highways all the way eastward from Wyoming, we have been debating that question, and watching for signs.

It looked like East when we saw the first big red barn, after a thousand miles of sunburned sagebrush country where the cattle roamed free and the horses, if penned at all, were in an open corral. . . . But that first red barn was near Murdo, S. D.

There was a cool touch of Eastness in the air in the first town with shade trees (cottonwoods, to be sure) and green lawns and white-painted houses set back from the streets. . . . That was away back in Douglas, Wyo., and just outside the town the prickly pear fought with the sagebrush.

It was East, definitely, in Albert Lea, Minn., when the waitress apologized for handing out silver dollars in change, saying that she had no paper money. The real West still feels more comfortable with hard money than with printed matter.

And it was East in Kenosha, Wis., when something in the air made me put on a necktie before going into a restaurant, for the first time east of California. Bryan, Ohio, was Far East; I donned a coat.

Wisconsin looks beautifully Eastern when you come down out of the sunburned plains. West of the Rockies, and east of the Sierras (where the West ends and California begins), is the contorted desert country—no such smooth, sandy desert as pleases the Eastern imagination, but a wildly beautiful, angry, empty region, where the amazing patches of lush irrigated green, bordering with knife-edge sharpness on parched brown, only accentuate the eeriness of a land obviously unintended for

human occupation. South of the incredible Tetons and the wild Wind River Mountains, the Wyoming Rockies are no such shining wall as in Montana or Colorado—they are merely the crest of a long, slow swell that lifts the continent without obvious effort from Mississippi-level to seven thousand feet, and their eastern slopes look little different from the western. The mountain ranges marked on the map seem trivial; the plains are the colossus—the great, rolling, parched high plains, where the deer and the antelope should never have ceased roaming. Even the sunflowers this year withered long before July in fields that had once been plowed; you can still see the

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scars of "dry farming" on the fringes of the Dust Bowl.

The pathetic brown efforts of western Dakota farmers to grow wheat fade as you head East to yellower wheat fields, then to blue-green corn, a rest to tired eyes. East of the Missouri even the hills are gray-green rather than brown. But most of the towns still flaunt the wide treeless streets of the West. Water is still too precious to waste on mere grass-plots; and across half of South Dakota most of the trees once hopefully planted are dead.

There were stiff, dead branches in the tops of Douglas, Wyo.'s, cottonwoods. It was in Minnesota that we saw the first row of healthy maples shading a street. It was in Wisconsin that we saw tall, arching elms. Maples and elms made us feel at home; yet there are as nobly shaded streets in Michigan, Illinois, and even in William Allen White's part of Kansas, as in any New England village.

ALL this "East" was Middle West. A man who snoozed in a moving automobile, and woke up almost anywhere in Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota or Wisconsin, would know at a glance that he was out of the Dakotas, Colorado or Wyoming, but he might easily persuade himself that he was in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. He would see a green land, a land of white farmhouses and big barns, of well tended flower gardens and tree-lined roads. They would be straighter roads than in the East, but any bit of them might be lifted from a seaboard commonwealth.

That word "farmhouses" is another link between Middle West and East. West of the Missouri you never hear of "farms"; and in California any plot of land with a walnut tree on it is called a "ranch." In Wyoming a ranch hidden back in the hills, where the water flows clean from the mountains, may grow vegetables and grain, but it is still a "ranch"; the word "farm" would sound dudishly Eastern. . . . In the eastern Dakotas that change occurs; "ranches" turn into "farms."

If the snoozing traveler woke up in a filling station, his eyes might deceive him, but his ears would soon tell him whether he was in the East or Middle West. For the Middle West talks Western. From the watershed of the Mohawk westward to the Pacific, north of Mason and Dixon's

line, the letter "a" rings clear and flat, and the good letter "r" is honored to its burry full; but only in Philadelphia does "r" reach the Atlantic seaboard. (The South, of course, drops its "r's" as conscientiously as New England and the Hudson Valley. Traveling westward, we listened carefully. The soft Southern drawl lasted west of Fort Worth; the Pecos River seemed to be the Southwestern frontier of the "r" as it once was the frontier of the law. But El Paso talks Western, rather than Southern, and I don't mean West'n. I mean WesteRn.)

What essence marks off Middle West from East I still don't quite know. The flatness of the land spells something to the eye, but parts of New Jersey are as flat as anything in Ohio or Wisconsin; the Mississippi River Valley at Prairie du Chien might be the Delaware, except for the majesty of the stream.

We talked it over; we finally concluded frivolously that you could best tell the difference in a restaurant. Where a T-bone steak costs four times as much as a hamburger, that's East. (In Kansas the T-bone was quoted at double the chopped meat; in Wyoming, restaurants offer both at the same price.) Where there is rye bread on the table, as well as spongy white, that's East. There is likely to be sugar in the salad dressing west of the Allegheny; that's a Western perversion, but the West is more likely to have honest black pepper on the table. There is one infallible test, applicable only at breakfast. In the West the "hot cakes" served in almost any restaurant are palatable; but there is never the faintest pretense of maple in the "syrup." In the East the "pancakes" may be heavy, but there is likely to be a suggestion of maple in the treacle. And here in the mountains of Pennsylvania one sees signs: "Maple syrup for sale."

There's one more difference: there's a pile of books on a desk a bit to the east of the Hudson River, and this column will now have to give up "things" and return to books. East, for many Americans today, is where we earn the right to vacations in the West; and the Middle West is the highway between New York and the snow-topped mountains. For months after we come home we still smell the wild clean fogs of Big Sur, the yellow hills of Napa, the sugar pines of Big Creek and the lupine meadows above Jackson's Hole.

The Chinese Are Like That

(Continued from page 25)

The presence of poverty in China is not an incident of life, but a constant factor. It never occurs to a Chinese that there is any reason why a good proportion of his fellow men should not be hungry and cold. They have been so for ages and will continue to be so long after he is dead and there is nothing he can do about it. The man who is hungry today will be hungry again next week even if you do give him a bowl of rice today. If a fellow clansman is hungry, he must of course, be fed, but that is a family duty and is not necessarily motivated by any considerations of humanity. There are a great many benevolent institutions scattered through the country, but the activities of most of them are directed toward burying the dead rather than toward preserving the lives of the living.

Foreigners who live long in China unconsciously adopt the same point of view. We see around us so much poverty and so much obvious physical suffering that we become hardened. If we did not life would be a perpetual burden. It is only when I am taking visitors about and listen to their exclamations of horror and sympathy that I realize how hardened I have become through the quarter of a century of constant contact with distress. Hardheartedness becomes a measure of self-protection. The wells of pity run dry.

THREE is a lot of exceptionally good Hollywood talent going to waste in China. And of all the showmen, none exceeds the beggar in talent. It is his business in life to arouse pity and he does this very effectively, making clever use of every bit of stage property that comes to his hand. Only an artist in his particular line could produce such rags as he wears. It would not be accom-

plished by ordinary disintegration coming about through natural causes; nor could any disease known to medical science create the sores which decorate his limbs. There is a story, rather generally believed, that these sores are detachable and are taken off in the evening when the day's work is done.

One of the most successful beggars I ever knew was a woman who operated on the Garden Bridge, which is a center of traffic in Shanghai. Her stage property was a small child whom she hugged in her arms while pleading for coppers with which to buy food for the infant and so prolong its life for another day. I suppose the child was really hungry most of the time, for she had to keep it from getting fat in order to avoid spoiling the stage effect. But there was never any danger of it starving, for she rented the child and had to pay the mother a good share of her earnings. Usually the child slept through the performance, but sometimes it wakened and cried, which added to the effect, except to those observant enough to note that a starving child could not cry so lustily.

The device was a very effective one, but the difficulty was that with the passing of time the natural growth of the child made it too heavy to carry about, and so a smaller one had to be procured every few years. Over a period of about ten years I saw her use five different infants. At length this enterprising and hard-working beggar died of what might be called "high living," for she smoked more opium than was good for her and so passed out of the picture. During her lifetime police respected her proprietary rights to this particular racket and did not interfere with her, but they have seen to it that she has no successor. The sight was too harrowing for the unsophisticated eyes of tourists.



"Dear German People"

The most daring feat of the century—hundreds of thousands of letters are mailed to Germans inside Germany from England—telling them the truths about their country which are hidden or distorted by Goebbels and his propaganda machine. Since July these letters, signed by Commander Stephen-Hall-King, retired British naval officer, have been pouring into Germany. Some are intercepted, most reach their destinations. *THE LIVING AGE* for September publishes for the first time in this country *excerpts* from these dramatic letters, as well as Goebbels' vitriolic replies.

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Should Married Women Work?

(Continued from page 16)

DR. MINNIE L. MAFFETT

President of The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

The fact that the new industrial order and the new developments in commerce and science have forced women to earn outside the home merely makes their task more difficult, but by no means obviates its necessity, and the marital status of women frequently emphasizes, rather than relieves, this pressing need.

That the women of America own approximately one-half of the invested wealth of this country is a well known fact. That the taxes they pay go to the support of the government is equally evident. It would seem reasonable and just therefore to assume that the right of women to work has nothing whatever to do with sex or marital status but to the inalienable right, as an American citizen, to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" guaranteed by the Constitution to both men and women in this beloved country of ours.

If, however, the married woman of the future should be forced from business by such fantastic legislation as was introduced into various state legislatures during the past few months, by legislators she helped to elect and whose salaries are guaranteed by the taxes she pays, she would glean small satisfaction from the knowledge that her economic demise had resulted from her own choice of marriage against economic freedom.

FRANCES PERKINS
Secretary of Labor

The belief that married women should be discriminated against in the matter of jobs fails to take account of certain basic principles. One of these is that except in a relief program jobs must be awarded on qualifications and not on need. Thus where married women hold jobs in private or public employment it is because they are qualified for such types of work. Any wholesale or arbitrary move to oust them would be upsetting to their employers as well as to the women themselves. This is especially true since many married women are often doing work for which they are better suited than men, or which men do not want except as a makeshift in an emergency.

The very considerable and necessary attention given to work projects for the needy in recent years tends to influence people's thinking in a way unknown prior to the depression. They stress unduly the need factor in normal employment, particularly in regard to married women. But in some instances they would even apply this theory to the family, and thus imply that one wage earner per family is adequate. This is a wholly unsound, unrealistic, and unfortunate approach to our unemployment problems. Moreover, it is un-American.

RUTH BRYAN OWEN ROHDE
Former United States Ambassador to Denmark

The movement to limit or curtail the employment of married women rests on several fallacies:

1. The assumption that all husbands are able to work. (Overlooking the invalids and incapacitated.)
2. The assumption that all husbands are willing to work. (Overlooking the wastrels.)
3. The assumption that all husbands have an earning power sufficient for the support of their families. (Overlooking the adverse circumstances which have crippled the earning power of millions of men.)
4. The assumption that a married woman may not have dependents, other than her children to provide for. (Overlooking parents, brothers and sisters who may need her help.)

5. The assumption that married women work to satisfy a whim when statistics show plainly that it is almost invariably to meet an economic necessity.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
First Lady, Social Worker, Newspaper Columnist

Many women, after marriage, find plenty of work in the home. They have no time, no inclination or no ability for any other kind of work. The records show that very few married women work from choice, that they are working only because a husband is ill or has deserted them, or there are special expenses caused by illness or educational requirements in the home. There may even be fathers, mothers, sisters or brothers to be supported. It seems to me that it is far more important for us to think about creating more jobs than it is for us to worry about how we are going to keep any groups from seeking work.

KATE SMITH
Famous Singer, Radio Star, Commentator

The question has so many angles that a brief answer is difficult. But here goes: I believe it all boils down to whether a capable, intelligent woman should stand idly by when her loved ones are in need, or whether she should pitch in and put her brain and her hands to work to earn the necessary money to provide for them. It is not a matter of sex. Many married women today are successfully rearing children and managing a household—plus holding down a job. The old argument—that if the so-called weaker sex would keep out of the business world men would get work—seems to me to be a fallacy. If that were true, it never would have been necessary for married women to get into business in the first place.

Undoubtedly, the first married woman to hold a job did so to augment the family budget, or to support an invalid husband. One might just as well insist that rich men stop earning money; that elderly men stay at home; that youngsters wait a few years—that all potential wage-earners step aside in order to give married men with a family the opportunities they seek.

MRS. SAIDIE ORR DUNBAR
President, General Federation of Women's Clubs

There can be no one answer to this question. Certainly the married woman has the same right as any other citizen to work, to create and to use her talents. Certainly she should not be discriminated against because of sex or marital status, for she has the same civil rights as any other citizen. It is also true that she usually confronts the same need of employment as her male companions. Most women who work do so because it is necessary to provide additional funds during illness of the regular wage-earner; because their husbands' wages are inadequate to maintain a decent standard of living for the immediate family and often dependent relatives; or because of the unemployment of their husbands.

Our answer to this question must be based upon facts. In 1910, 24.3% of all women in the United States were gainfully employed. In 1930, 25.3% were employed—a gain of only 1%. This does not indicate the replacement of men by women workers.

No one seems to question a man's right to work, although he may have great wealth—or even to question his income from several sources.

Certainly, the married woman has the right to work; whether she should work depends upon the circumstances of the individual family.

Will Women Lose Their Jobs?

(Continued from page 18)

Cabot, of Boston, recently noted that many of his nervous patients were women suffering for want of serious occupational interest.

Nazi Germany thought it could casually disregard these important questions when it decided to oust its 900,000 women workers from industrial and governmental life. For years Germany had been looked upon as the foremost example of a nation in which, to the benefit of the state, equal rights for women were scrupulously upheld. The Nazi regime waved the women out of their jobs and herded them back to the home, where they were told to bear children.

However, as Clifford Kirkpatrick revealed in *Nazi Germany: Its Women and Family Life*, the Nazi conception of woman as a biological instrument soon changed when it was realized that no such large bloc of labor could be displaced—or even replaced—without severely upsetting the national economy. “The ‘sacred’ mothers went back to the machine,” observed Dr. Kirkpatrick, “and the employment of women even increased.”

In marked contrast is the attitude of Sweden, where the working woman, particularly the working wife, is taken for granted. Several years ago Sweden was alarmed by a rapidly declining birth rate. Like the United States, it too had economic problems, said to be caused in part by the number of women employed outside the home. A Population Commission was named to investigate all phases of family security. Its recommendations, summarized in the *Geneva International Labor Review* for June 1939, have this to say about the working wife:

“Unless women have open opportunities and consequently free choice in the matter of remunerative work after marriage, there will most certainly be fewer marriages and also fewer children. The Population Commission . . . have not only stressed the necessity for adjusting attitudes and opinions to new social conditions and new family structures, but have also proposed practical measures to restore a greater harmony between the productive activity of women and their function as mothers.”

The record of the United States in

recent years has not been spotless in the matter of discrimination against married women on federal payrolls. The Economy Act of 1933 contained a provision—the famous Section 213—against dual job-holding by married couples working for the government. Congress has since admitted the mistake, and has repealed the ban, but the damage had been done—an example had been set for discrimination-minded states.

In its study of the effects of Section 213, the Department of Labor—itself headed by a married woman, Frances Perkins—found that 50 per cent of those who lost their jobs because of it were unable to obtain employment as late as three years after it went into effect. Seventy per cent of the job-losers were in the income group under \$2,000. Altogether, 1,835 names were removed from the government payroll. The results, according to the Department, were “unhappy.” Any state toying with the idea of a local “213” will find ample evidence, in Report 1562 of the Department of Labor, that its efforts are likely to miscarry.

State legislators who have been thinking of possible discrimination against married women might also ponder an advisory opinion rendered this summer by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Considering a bill to ban married women from public service, the Court declared it was contrary to both the State and the federal constitutions to “discriminate arbitrarily against any class of citizens,” adding that women—married or unmarried—are members of the State, and “like other citizens are entitled to the benefit of the Constitutional guarantees.”

It would be futilely optimistic to feel that this one court decision will be enough to halt the discrimination bandwagon. Whether it can be stopped must depend on the strength of our determination not to set aside one of the fundamental uprights of our democratic structure for a “solution” to our economic problems, when in fact it will be no solution at all. For in the final analysis this question of women and jobs will be fought out on the issue of equal rights and opportunities for men and women alike.

The “Montclair Way”

(Continued from page 20)

jingling in its pocket more than \$500,000 in cash.

Montclair is conspicuously a wealthy community; it is, so to speak, a de luxe dormitory for successful New York men of affairs. That was no help to the cause of good government; it was, in fact, a severe handicap, for your commuter notoriously ignores home affairs, neglects to vote, and leaves government in the hands of the little local ring. It is harder to arouse the Montclairs to civic action than it is to stir up interest in the self-contained towns. If it can happen in Montclair it can happen anywhere; good municipal government is perfectly possible whenever citizens buckle down and really go after it.

Of course, you have to get the right kind of men in office. Montclair’s commissioners are convinced that business organizations should not merely encourage, but require, their executives to take part in local government, even though it takes time from their regular duties.

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Hungarian Goose-Step

(Continued from page 30)

In the southeast there is a more threatening situation. If Hungarian troops continue their provocative acts on the Rumanian frontier, Bucharest will not hesitate to start war, declared or otherwise. In the last few weeks there have been serious fights between Hungarian and Rumanian free troops, with many reportedly killed on each side. But no casualty figures were issued. King Carol of Rumania declared recently that, as long as one Rumanian lived, not one acre of Rumanian land would be given away. However, under German pressure the Hungarian press shouts daily for immediate return of Rumanian-owned Transylvania, at least. It is obvious that Germany is waiting for that moment when a "serious incident" occurs on the Hungarian-Rumanian frontier to swarm down and "protect" Hungary.

A book much discussed these days in Hungary is a small grey volume confiscated recently by the police. Its title is *Germany's Prospects in Case of War, as seen in Official German Literature*. The author is Dr. Ivan Lajos, a lecturer at the University of Pecs. The first week of its publication it sold 25,000 copies. Soon after its appearance, on July 22, 1939, the book was confiscated by order of the Ministry of Justice.

In its preface, the author warns his compatriots of "predatory" Germany, reminding his country of the events of 1914-18. By citing German official statistics, he discloses the Reich's lack of raw material and skilled labor, her need of food. The theme, in other words, is that Hungary's alliance to Germany would be disastrous, because Germany is certain to lose any war. The author quotes effectively the recommendations of Alfred Rosenberg and other top-flight German Nazis that Hungary be transformed immediately into a German colony. Small wonder the Nazi-dominated Hungarian authorities confiscated the book after the German Ambassador went into a paroxysm of rage.

At the same time that the former Premier Bela Imredy tries to hasten the Nazi conquest of Hungary, another former head of the govern-

ment, Count Stephen Bethlen, is attempting to stem the flood of German propaganda. Hungary's "Great Man," having retired from politics because of Nazi activities, is trying to form an anti-Nazi group among the old Hungarian aristocrats. These have always been antagonistic toward Hitler, and Bethlen now urges them to travel throughout Europe to recruit the aid of the democratic powers.

It is a paradox that this anti-Nazi movement in Hungary is largely an underground one. Bethlen is aided by Count Gyula Karolyi, brother-in-law of Regent Horthy, who until March 29 of this year was President of the Upper House; he resigned as a mark of his opposition to anti-Semitic legislation inspired by the Nazis.

Pressed by Germany, Hungary is now energetically claiming those territories lost as a result of the War and the Trianon Pact of 1920—Transylvania to Rumania and Croatia and Slavonia to Yugoslavia. In this there is a certain irony. Hungary is discovering that to ask for territories and to get them are not the same thing. In the partition last year of Czechoslovakia, the Budapest government seized 4,787 square miles of Ruthenia, which brought an added population of 1,064,000 men and women who were accustomed to the relative freedom of the now defunct Republic. Under Hungarian and Nazi dominated rule, this sizable element of the population is restive and discontented, and is a constant threat to Hungary's stability in the north. If the nation was prepared for some difficulty in reabsorbing Transylvanians into the nation, her leaders were entirely unprepared for the headache presented in the gift from Hitler of Ruthenia.

That Hungarian sovereignty over Hungary, even in the superficial form it takes today, has not long to endure is apparent to any perceptive visitor to Budapest. For the decade following the World War, Budapest inherited the gayety and charm that were once Vienna's. Tomorrow she may follow even further in the path of her sister city of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and under the Nazi rule the goose-step will replace the czardas.